

ILLUSTRATED PAPER

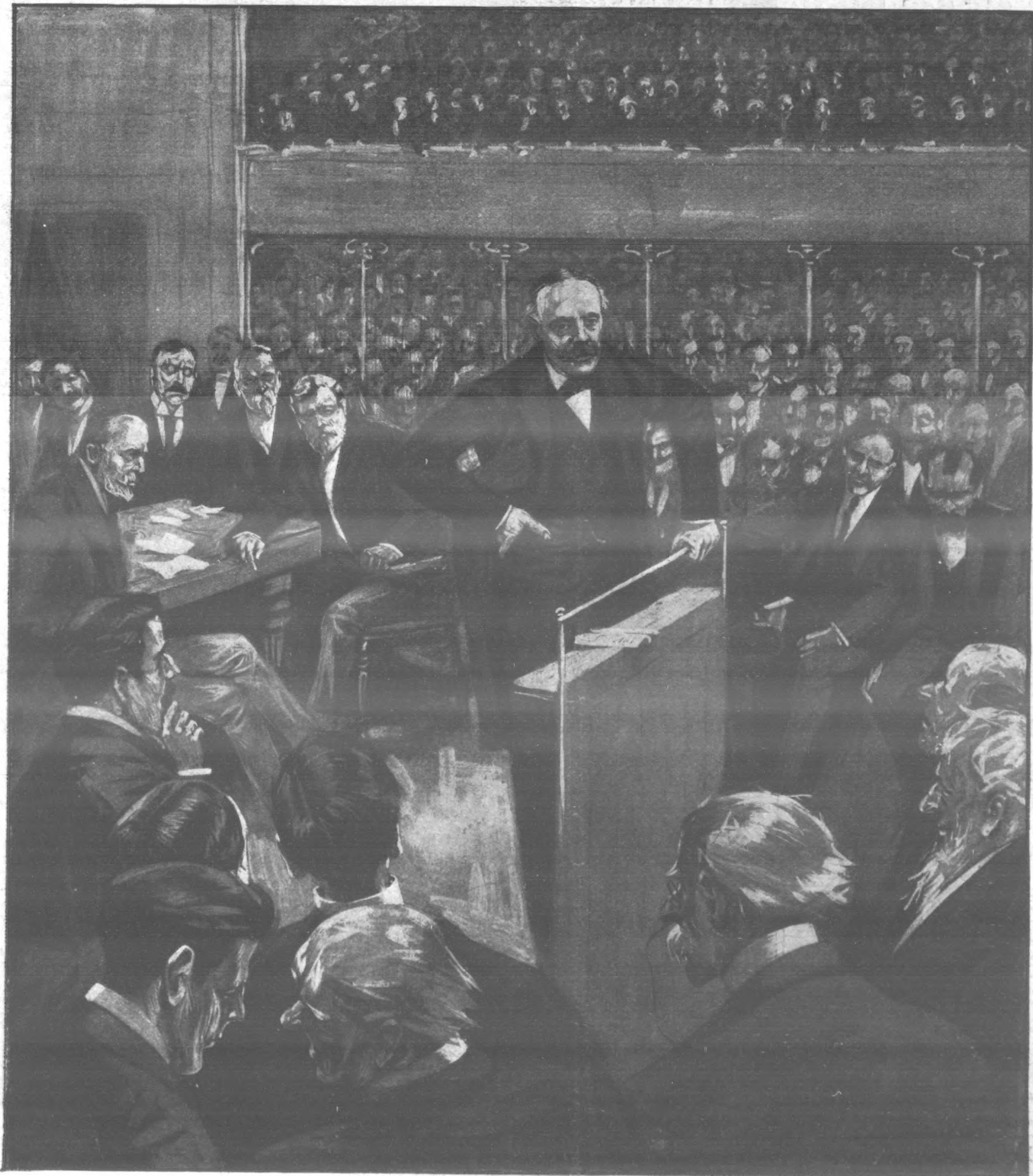
AND + ILLUSTRATED TIMES

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

London: Printed and Published at the Office, 198, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of London, by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., 198, Strand, aforesaid.

RESULT OF OUR SECOND STORY COMPETITION.

(See Page 229.)



THE FISCAL QUESTION: MR. BALFOUR SPEAKING AT SHEFFIELD ON OCTOBER 1.

(See "The Week's Notes.")

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Bottles 1/6 & 2/6
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ANOTHER
NEW PRIZE COMPETITION
Starts Next Week.

THE RESULT OF OUR SECOND STORY COMPETITION

Is Published on Page 229.

The Result of the First Story Competition was published on July 23 last.



How Do We Stand?

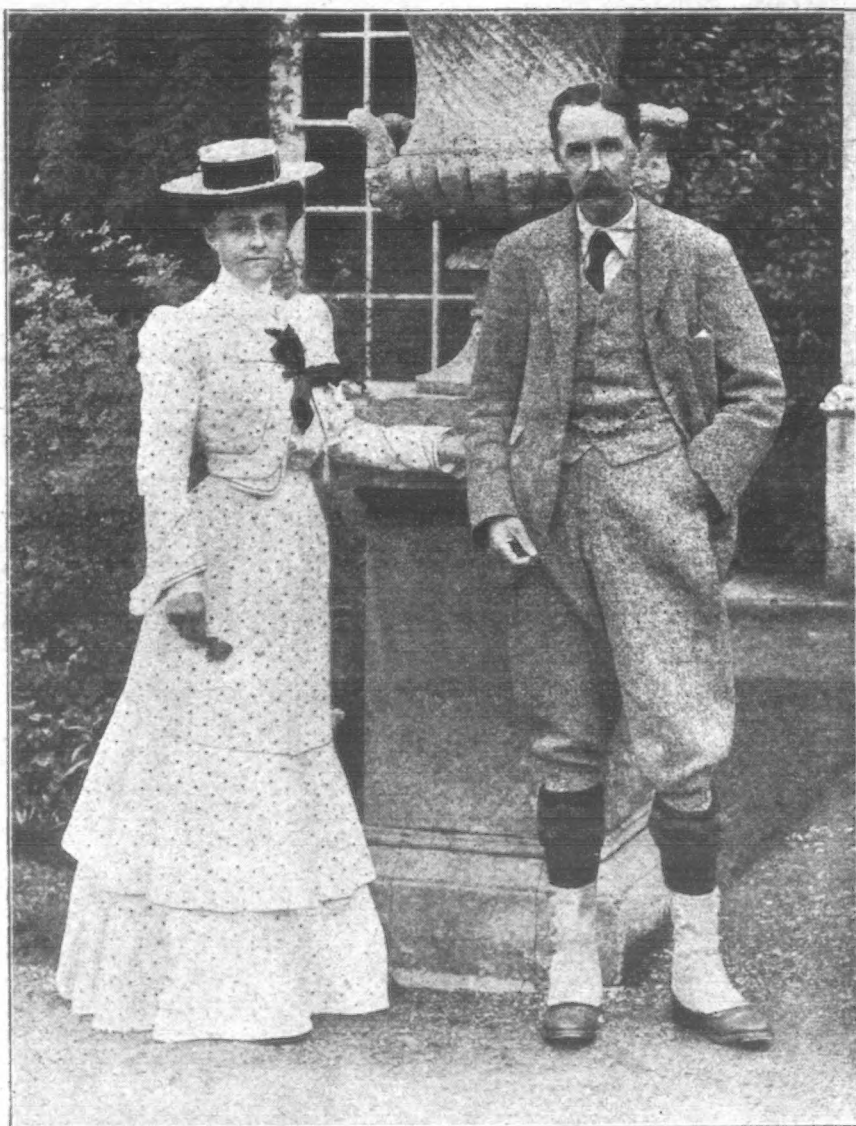
ISN'T the present state of political things puzzling? Last May—nearly five months ago—Mr. Chamberlain made the speech announcing the necessity for Fiscal Reform. Since then millions of words have been spoken for and against Protection, and thousands of gallons of ink have been used in advocating the



A BLIND DOCTOR OF MUSIC.

MISS EMILY LUCAS, who is quite blind, took the Degree of Mus. Doc. recently. This is the first photograph of her taken in her robes.

blessings of Free Trade or heaping curses on its head, according to the opposing views of our fiscal system. But despite all that has been said and written, it seems to me that we are pretty much where we were. Of all great political questions that have been discussed in recent years, this one seems to be remarkable for the paucity of information regarding it. Oh! I know perfectly well that acres of statistics have been compiled,



THE LATE SIR MICHAEL HERBERT AND HIS WIFE.

SIR MICHAEL, who was British Ambassador at Washington, died on September 30.

but then figures in the hands of a smart manipulator can be made to prove anything, and involved statistics are necessarily of very little assistance to the average elector. What seems to be wanted is a plain review of the whole question by some qualified speaker or writer, who will be satisfied to state clearly and ingenuously the facts in favour of and against the policy that for the past sixty years has been followed in this country. The obvious difficulty in obtaining such an unbiased review is that most of the men qualified to make it are attached to one or other of the rival political camps. For a politician to get up would be the signal for supporters of the other side to howl him down. That is the curse of our party system; we are so suspicious of our opponents' sincerity. The man we want to hear now is a political genius who has never belonged to any political party. Is there such a man? Mr. Herbert Spencer is the one most nearly approaching what I mean. But will he come out of his retirement to enlighten us on the great question of the hour?

Conflict of Statement.

As it is, we have to grope our way through the semi-darkness. Mr. Chamberlain says our industries are being wiped out. He will help them by imposing a tax on foreign manufactures. Well and good; but he will also give

preferential treatment to the Colonies. "That," cry out the Free Traders, "means the taxing of the poor man's loaf." "That may be," retorts Mr. Chamberlain; "but if I tax the loaf I will take the tax off some other thing to equalise things." "You can't equalise that way!" roars back the Free Trader. "I can!" "You can't!" "I will!" "You shan't!" And so on, and so on, till the whole thing takes upon itself the nature of a street brawl, one side trying to outshout the other. Of conflicting statements there are plenty; of substantial and intelligible evidence in support, there is surprisingly little. What, then, is the average voter to do



Photo. T. C. Beynon.

THE REV. J. M. BACON, F.R.S.,

THE WELL-KNOWN AERONAUT, who was MARRIED ON OCTOBER 7 TO MISS VALENTINE, OF GOODWOOD, SUSSEX.

under these circumstances? The only thing I can see is to wait and witness developments. Perhaps, as the great campaign progresses, one side or the other will come out with some smashing argument that will completely pulverise opposition and put all our doubts at rest.

Our Next Premier.

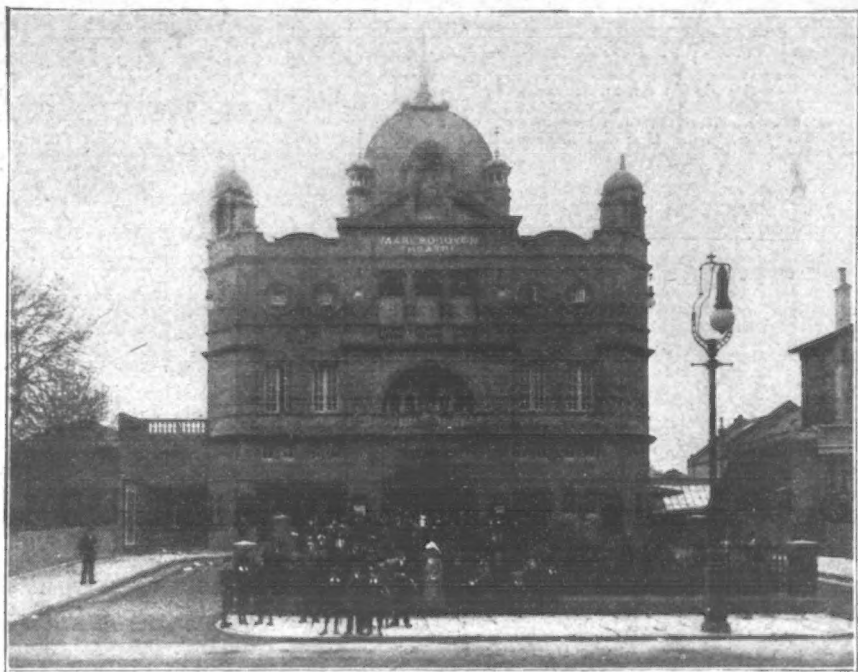
I say perhaps, and personally I think it is very doubtful. It will take, I imagine, years and years to come to any very clear decision on this fiscal problem. Free Traders and Protectionists in this country are far more evenly balanced than is generally supposed, and the fight, therefore, will be long, stern, and difficult to make conclusive. Meantime, a General Election will come along to find the great parties, Conservative and Liberal, split up into various camps, each with its own leader, and each with its own particular creed. There will



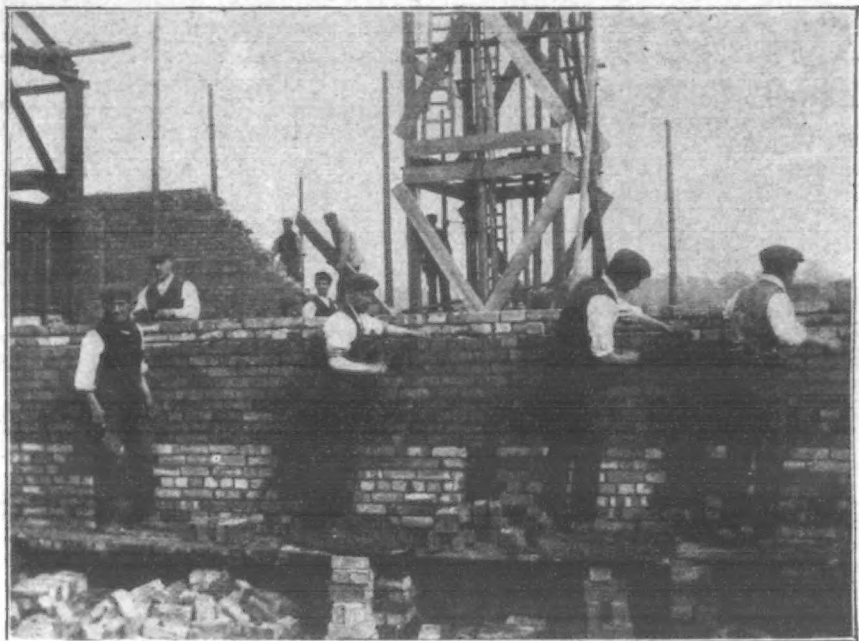
Photo. "Typical" Agency.

THE LATE SIR MICHAEL HERBERT'S STUDY AT THE EMBASSY, WASHINGTON.

THE ST. LOUIS WORLD'S FAIR, 1904 (FULLY ILLUSTRATED).—SEE THIS WEEK'S "SKETCH."



A NEW SUBURBAN THEATRE. THE MARLBOROUGH, HOLLOWAY, WHICH WAS OPENED LAST WEEK.



THE CHAMPION BRICKLAYERS AT WORK ON THE METROPOLITAN ELECTRIC RAILWAY STATION AT NEASDEN.

THESE WORKMEN HAVE ATTRACTED CONSIDERABLE ATTENTION RECENTLY BY THE RAPIDITY OF THEIR WORK.

be difficulties then in forming a Government, and yet one must be formed. The country cannot be run without a Cabinet, despite Mr. Balfour's attempts during the last three weeks

wanted unanimity, the Liberals lack leaders. Who, then, is left? Why, the one man whose resignation is just announced as I write. The man whose experience is greater than that of

strongest and solidest man in the country to-day. The Duke of Devonshire I mean. When the time comes—and it will not be long hence—and the country registers its votes, he

then, and the same quiet, unassuming gentleman as he is to-day. On both occasions when summoned to assume the highest office in the land, his modesty prompted him to give way to Gladstone and Lord Salisbury respectively. But there is no great figure like Gladstone or Salisbury to-day, and the next time the Duke is asked to form a Government his decision may be different.

New Official Appointments.

After quite a long delay the vacancies caused by recent resignations and Ministerial changes have been filled up. On Tuesday the following were mentioned as having been approved by the King: Chancellor of Exchequer, Mr. Austen Chamberlain; Colonial Secretary, Mr. Alfred Lyttelton; War Secretary, Mr. H. O. Arnold-Forster; Scotch Secretary, Mr. Graham-Murray; Postmaster-General, Lord Stanley; Indian Secretary, Mr. St. John Brodrick. Of these the "surprise" was found in the new Colonial Secretary. The Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, who succeeds Mr. Chamberlain, was the one-time famous cricketer.

THE GOSSETT.

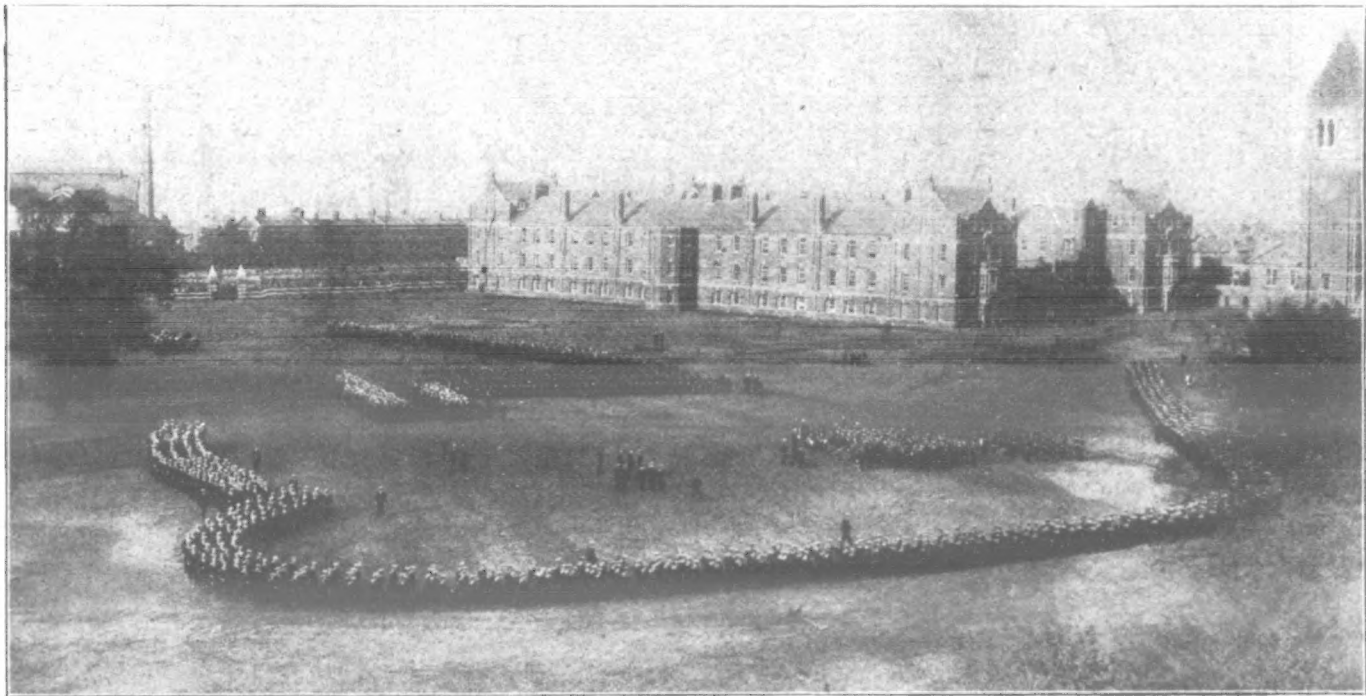


Photo. Russell.

THE OPENING OF THE NEW NAVAL BARRACKS AT PORTSMOUTH: PARADE BY THE MEN JUST BEFORE TAKING POSSESSION.

Who will form a Government then? For whom will the King send? For Balfour or Chamberlain? Hardly, I think in face of their divided party. But if the Conservatives lack their

most men. The man who, because of his quiet, retiring disposition, is thought to be weak among Ministers, whereas, if we knew all the truth, we should, I imagine, find him to be one of the

will be the man, I think, to take his place at the head of the Government. Twice already in his life he has been called upon by his Sovereign to form a Ministry. He was Marquis of Hartington

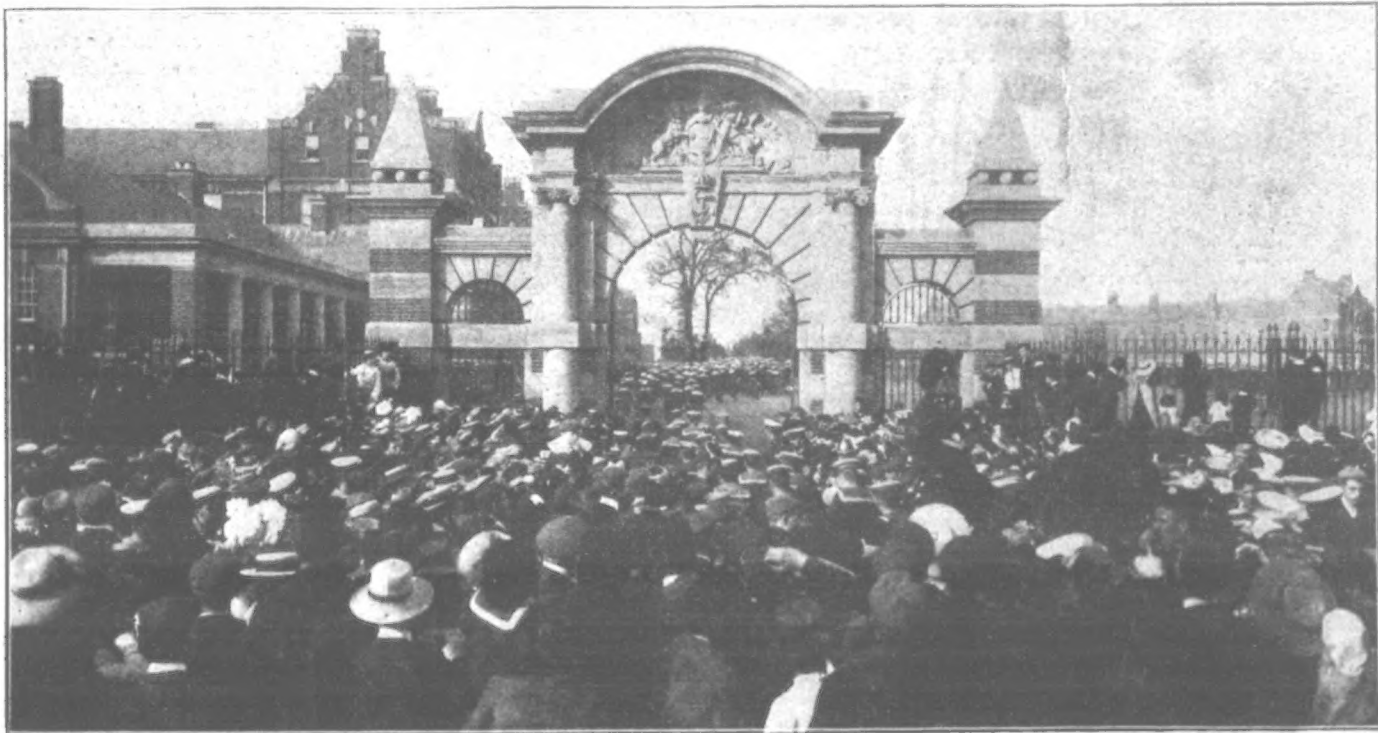


Photo. Crabb.

THE OPENING OF THE NEW NAVAL BARRACKS: MEN MARCHING THROUGH THE MAIN ENTRANCE AFTER QUITTING THE OLD HULKS.

Shall We Send You a Cat

alogue? We have just issued, at the cost of several thousand pounds, the most practical and finest Illustrated List of Horticultural, Rustic, Portable Wood and Iron Buildings, Poultry Appliances, Kennels, Heating Apparatus, Laundries, &c., &c., ever published.



This book is bound in cloth and contains 416 pages and over 1000 illustrations. We shall have much pleasure in forwarding a copy to all applicants post free.

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- 2.—Portable Wooden Buildings, Photographic Studios, &c., Dark Rooms, Cricket, Football, Tennis and Golf Pavilions, Scoring Boxes, Huts, Stables and Coach Houses, Loose Boxes, Cow Houses, Shelters, Pigsties, Cycle Houses, Workshops, &c., &c.
- 3.—Incubators, Foster Mothers, Poultry Houses and Runs, Range of Houses, Pigeon Cotes and Houses, Fencing, Aviaries, Rabbit Hutches, &c.
- 4.—Rustic Work, Houses, Arbours, Tennis Houses, Porches, Arches, Seats, Chairs, Vases, Tables, Benches, Bridges, Garden Furniture, Window Boxes, Garden and Stable Barrows.
- 5.—Iron Buildings, Churches, Chapels, Mission Rooms, Hospitals, Club Houses, Residences, Dwelling Houses, Cottages, Banglows, Offices, Stables, Coach Houses, Workshops, Boat Houses, Schools, Billiard Rooms, Concert and Drill Halls, Ball Rooms, Loose Boxes, Roofing, Church, Chapel, and Mission Hall Furniture, Stoves, &c., &c.
- 6.—Kennels, Portable Kennels, Span Roof and Lean-to, Kennels with Runs, Puppy Kennels, Range of Kennels, Double Kennels, &c., &c.
- 7.—Heating Apparatus, Heaters, Oil and Gas, Boilers Heated by Oil or Gas, Coal and Coke. Portable Independent and for Bricksetting, Pipes, Bends, Connections, Coil Case, &c., &c.
- 8.—Horticultural Timber, Sashbars, Styles, Capping, Division Rafters, Side Plates, Purlings, Drip and Bottom Boards, Ventilators, Lights, Materials for Forcing Houses, End Plates, Ridges, Glaze, &c., &c.
- 9.—Horticultural Manures, Fertilisers, Insecticides, Weed and Worm Destroyers, Tobacco Paper, Sand Fats, Leaf Composts, Cork, Raffia, Flower Pots, Mushroom Spawns, Sunshades, Mats, Soaps, Ink, Dubbing Coal, Netting, &c., &c.
- 10.—Horticultural Sundries, Lawn Mowers, Garden Rollers, Garden Hose, Syringe, Wire Netting, Baskets and Arches, Vases, Barometers and Thermometers, Portable Coppers, Water Cans, Hose Reels, Garden Edging, Water Barrows, Scrapers, Pruners, Fern Cases, Flower Sticks, Teats, Labels, &c., &c., &c.

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WILLIAM COOPER,
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THE WEEK'S NEWS.

THE KING'S Return to London.—Owing to great pressure of public business, the King curtailed his stay in Scotland, and was due to return to London on Thursday in order that he might hold a Council to-day (Friday). One of the last functions His Majesty attended at Balmoral was the dance given by him to the servants, tenants, and gillies of the Balmoral, Abergeldie, and Birkhall estates. This was held in the Royal ball-room, and was attended by about 280 guests. The ball was opened at 9.30, and a few minutes later His Majesty, accompanied by the Prince and Princess of Wales, entered the ball-room, and remained for a considerable time watching the dancers.

Mr. Balfour at Sheffield.—In the Artillery Drill-Hall at Sheffield, before an assemblage of about six thousand people, Mr. Balfour last week delivered his anxiously awaited speech on the fiscal problem. The Prime Minister commenced by saying that he meant to talk that night upon one subject, and one subject alone—namely, tariff reform. He attributed the exceptional prominence which that topic now holds, not entirely to Mr. Chamberlain's famous speech in May last, but to several causes. For one thing, the late war had brought us into closer and more conscious touch with the great Colonial Empire of which this country is the centre. The Prime Ministers of the Colonies had brought before this country and the Empire, in the most categorical and explicit terms, the question of tariff reform. Mr. Balfour reminded his hearers of the threat made by at least one foreign Power to retaliate on Canada for the efforts she had made in giving preferential treatment to our manufactures. They must have brought home to many minds the consciousness of our helplessness, under our existing tariff system, to deal with a situation of that kind. You could not go to war over tariff questions; tariff attacks could only be met by tariff replies. Free trade was but an empty name and a vain force if it was the fact that foreign nations are setting themselves to work to divert our industries into channels which they would never naturally have followed, and to exclude our manufactures. He knew of no cure for the existing evils, but he did know of a palliative. You would not get the great nations of the world to abandon Protection; you would not get our self-governing Colonies to retrace all the steps which we have permitted them to take. His request, therefore, was that the people of this country should give to the Government that freedom of negotiation of which we had been deprived by what he could only term our own pedantry and self-conceit. He did not think public opinion was yet ripe in this country for taxation of food. Taxation of every kind was in itself an evil; but the evils of the taxation of food, so long as kept within very narrow limits, had been exaggerated beyond what reason and logic justified. Mr. Balfour concluded his speech with the declaration that "So long as I am the leader of this great party I mean to lead it." If the party dissented from his conclusions he should make his bow and do his best in an unofficial capacity to serve the cause.

How the Premier's Speech was Heard in London.—While Mr. Balfour was addressing his Sheffield audience, 165 miles away, a party of London journalists, seated in the reception-room of the Telephone Company at 35, Gurgard Street, W.C., listened to the great speech without missing a syllable. Each held to his ears a double "receiver," through which the sound of the audience greeting the orator with "He's a Jolly Good Fellow," and the voice of the Premier conversing with someone on the platform, came with the utmost distinctness. Even the little cough with which Mr. Balfour prefaced his utterances was clearly heard, as were the frequent "Hear, hear," and interruptions of people in the body of the hall. The only mechanism visible on the platform were a couple of small

to the rank of Admiral. Other promotions which follow as a consequence are: Rear-Admiral E. N. Rolfe, C.B., to Vice-Admiral; Captain G. A. Giffard, C.M.G., to Rear-Admiral; Captains J. E. Blasland and J. A. Baker are promoted to be Rear-Admirals on Retired List.—The War Department have contracted for a new battery to be constructed at Sheerness for heavy armament, to strengthen the defences protecting the Thames and Medway entrances.—It is officially announced that sailors will be provided with a knife, fork, spoon, enamel iron plate, and an oil-cloth

in them were mobbed and roughly handled. Lamp-posts were uprooted and bonfires started by igniting gas escaping from the mains.

British Seamen's Terrible Ordeal.—Three of the nineteen survivors of the steam-ship *Inchulea*, which was wrecked on the Florida coast three weeks ago, were landed at Liverpool last Saturday evening on the White Star liner *Cynric*. They related a terrible story of the sufferings they endured. The *Inchulea* struck on a

cowman on his way to the farmhouse found the mutilated body of a woman. The left breast had a circular wound twelve inches long, and the body was slashed after the manner of the Whitechapel crimes. There were ten punctured wounds on the forehead, and the jugular vein was severed on the right side of the neck. There were signs of a struggle two or three yards away. In a bundle near the body was a Roman Catholic Bible and tickets such as are used by hop-pickers, and it was inferred that deceased was returning from the hop district, and that she had been barbarously murdered by someone who accompanied her or had casually met her. Inquiry was made by the police in all directions, and on Monday evening the identity of the woman was established. Her name is Mary Swinbourne, she belongs to Walsall, and has been a work-house inmate there. No arrest has yet been effected.

"P.I.P." PLAYGOER.

THE fate of the Lyceum Theatre was decided at the meeting of shareholders last week. The report that an offer of £244,000 had been made was, said the chairman, entirely false. No such offer had ever been made, and the shareholders saw but one way out of their difficulties—to turn the historical building into a music-hall. The directors could erect a building for £30,000 or £35,000, using a portion of the present theatre and complying with the demands of the London County Council. At present they were in debt £6500. Attacks were made on Mr. Comyns Carr as managing director, for taking his salary, and a shareholder expressed regret that Sir Henry Irving had not attended the meeting, but Mr. Bram Stoker triumphantly defended the celebrated actor and manager, and announced amidst hearty cheers that Sir Henry had made direct payments from his earnings to the extent of £25,800. "That," said Mr. Stoker, "was a very handsome return to make on account of the Lyceum." The statement was greeted with cheers, renewed when Mr. Stoker said that Sir Henry had carried out his engagements "as he had done in every action of his life, in the most upright and honourable manner." This I believe to be absolutely the truth, and I regret that he has been so serious a loser. The resolution was put to the shareholders, and carried by 33 votes to 13. The meeting lasted two hours.

It is not without a pang of regret that I record this decision, for I wrote the first criticism that appeared in London of "The Bells," in which Sir Henry Irving made his first great success. I spoke of him then as an actor of genius, and he has since triumphantly proved himself one in "Richard the Third," "Louis the Eleventh," "Richelieu," etc. His Macbeth did not equal that of Macready, who had a finer



THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE,

WHOSE RESIGNATION FROM THE CABINET HAS OCCASIONED SO MUCH DISCUSSION THIS WEEK.

cover for their new mess-tables. In the past Marines have been the only men aboard ship provided with knives and forks.—The old battle-ship *Neptune*, launched in 1874, has been purchased by a Hamburg firm for £19,000. She is to be broken up.

The War Office and V.C.'s.—Although the intrinsic value of a Victoria Cross is about 12d., its market value is anything between £10 and £100. An advance on these figures may now be anticipated in view of a decision just made by the War Office authorities. They have intimated that in future any holder of the V.C. who sells or loses it and cannot give a satisfactory explanation of his loss will be liable to forfeit the annuity of £10 and upwards which accompanies the coveted decoration.

The Somali Campaign.—It is expected that a forward movement against the Mullah will be undertaken before the end of the month. Delay has arisen owing to the great difficulty experienced in filling up the posts with supplies and ammunition. As soon as this has been done, General Egerton will commence a forward movement with the columns under his command. In well-informed quarters the hope has been expressed that on this occasion our troops will be able to effect the desired object. Arrangements have been made for a simultaneous movement by the Abyssinian force, acting in co-operation with the British columns.

Fighting on the Bulgarian Frontier.—Several engagements are reported to have taken place between Turkish and Bulgarian troops on the frontier, with serious loss to both sides. The accounts to hand are of a conflicting nature, but it seems that the Turks began the trouble by attacking a Bulgarian post. On frequent occasions Turkish soldiers on the frontier have sought to provoke hostilities by firing into Bulgarian territory. The Bulgarian War Office is said to be working at high pressure, and Prince Ferdinand has sanctioned regulations prepared for requisitioning horses, cattle, and everything necessary in time of war. All the cavalry, with the exception of one regiment, have been sent to the border districts, while two hundred pieces of artillery have been concentrated at various points. It is feared that war between Bulgaria and Turkey may be precipitated at any moment.

Four Hundred Jews Massacred in Russia. A terrible massacre of Jews is reported to have taken place at Mohilev, on the eve of the feast of the Atonement. The Jews appear to have been warned of the coming catastrophe by their Rabbi, and they barricaded themselves in their houses. An organised mob of Bessarabian peasants, however, broke down the barricades, and a desperate struggle ensued. The police were powerless, and no troops available, so that pillage, incendiarism, and butchery went on unchecked for hours. Four hundred Jews are stated to have been killed, but it is hoped that this terrible story is exaggerated.

Ipswich Sexton Buried Alive.—A man named Charles William Smith has just been the victim of an extraordinary accident. He was engaged in digging a grave in the Ipswich Cemetery, when the soil, which had been loosened by recent rains, suddenly caved in and completely covered him. When the body was extricated life was found to be extinct.

Strike Riots in Berlin.—Serious rioting has taken place in Berlin as a result of a strike among the omnibus employees. An encounter on the Netelbeck Platz ended in twenty arrests and thirty people being taken to the hospital. No fewer than seven times the police charged the mob with drawn sabres, and it is estimated that at least two hundred persons were wounded and taken home for private treatment so as to avoid the punishment which might follow a disclosure of their identity at a public hospital. During the riot, stones, lumps of coal, and other missiles were thrown at the omnibuses, while people riding

sandbank during a gale and became firmly fixed. The seas broke over her mountains high, and with such force that the vessel parted in two. Those of the crew who were aft had a fearful experience, great waves dashing over them with terrific violence. The men forward managed to pass ropes across and haul some of the sufferers through the water to them. They were bruised and lacerated in a terrible manner by the buffeting they underwent. Locking themselves in the fore-castle, the sailors spent the night in darkness, with nothing to eat or drink, and drenched to the skin. Several of the men left in the after part were killed by being hurled against the ship's side. Others were drowned in the fore-castle, their bodies floating among the survivors. When morning arrived a raft was constructed, and those who climbed on to it were driven ashore by the tide. Others got ashore in the same manner later in the day, but nine of the crew lost their lives.

Four Seamen Killed.—A terrible accident occurred before daylight on Monday morning on the Weymouth and Portland Railway, by which four seamen belonging to the fleet were instantly killed. The men were walking from Weymouth to Portland on the line, when, owing to the heavy head-wind, they did not hear the approach of a light engine, which ran into them, killing them on the spot. Their bodies, which were terribly mangled, were conveyed to Portland. The men were identified as Sidney Pierce, twenty, Alfred Phelps, twenty-three, William Nicholas Page, twenty, of H.M.S. *Agincourt*, and Henry Gay, H.M.S. *Sagehen*. It is stated that the driver saw the men, and whistled when near them, but could not pull up in time. The accident happened in a cutting through which a heavy wind rushed, preventing them from hearing either the whistle or the approach of the train. Peasars came from Deptford, and Phelps and Page from Portsmouth.

Daring Jewel Robbery.—Lady Bowyer has been robbed of jewels, value £2400, under circumstances which recall the theft of the Duchess of Sutherland's by the notorious "Harry the Valet" a few years ago. Having crossed from England, Lady Bowyer selected seats for herself and her maid in a first-class compartment of the Riviera express. Leaving the maid in the carriage, her Ladyship went to the station buffet for dinner. Shortly before the departure of the express, the maid rushed into the buffet and informed her mistress that the jewel-case had disappeared. It seems that while the maid was absent for a few moments in the corridor of the train, a well-dressed man entered the carriage and made off with the gems. Lady Bowyer has offered a reward of £100 for the recovery of her property, and the police are confident of capturing the thief, who is suspected of being one of a gang of "swell mobmen" whose special line of business is train robberies on the Continent.

Baby Show in South London.—At the Murphy Memorial Hall, New Kent Road, another most successful baby show was held on Saturday evening last. Altogether some 250 "exhibits" were on view, the principal entry being for infants between the age of six and twelve months. The first prize in this class was divided between George Harry Thomas, the son of a shop-assistant, and Leonard Fayolle, whose proud father is a chef in the employ of Messrs. Spiers and Pond. The "dead-heaters" weighed 30 lb. and 32 lb. respectively, but Master Fayolle is the other's senior by nearly three weeks. A prize awarded for the finest set of twins was carried off by Rose and William Camp, offspring of a stoker. In the triplets class there was only one entry. This exhibit came in for much admiration. They were three little girls, twenty-one months old, and were all dressed alike in Red Riding Hood frocks. George Green, a labourer, of Delorme Street, Fulham, is their father. At their birth Mrs. Green was the recipient of the King's Bounty.

Terrible Murder in Worcestershire.—A terrible crime was committed during Saturday night in a lane leading to Ugborough Farm, near Kidderminster. A



MR. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN,

THE NEW CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

delivery and more agreeable voice; but the intellectual and imaginative gifts of Irving in "The Bells" made a most striking impression.

The following letter speaks for itself. But it will cause much disappointment—

September 29.
Dear Sir,—I beg to inform you that I am unable to recommend the issue of the Lord Chamberlain's license for a representation of a play, in five acts, entitled "La Citta Morta," proposed to be performed in Italian at the Adelphi Theatre, London.—I am, dear Sir, your obedient servant,
G. A. REFORM, Examiner of Plays.
The Acting Manager, Adelphi Theatre.

Mr. Pinero's new play, "Letty," was announced at the Duke of York's Theatre on Thursday last. It is a drama in four acts, with an epilogue. The scene is in London and in

GRAND NEW COMPETITION.

BIG MONEY PRIZES OFFERED.

WHY NOT WIN THEM?

Competition Begins in Next Week's "P.I.P."

ORDER IT NOW.



MR. H. O. ARNOLD-FORSTER,

THE NEW SECRETARY FOR WAR.

funnels with an opening about the size of a watch-dial. Attached to these were the wires over which the sounds travelled to the Metropolis.

Duke of Devonshire Resigns.—Additional interest was lent to the political situation when on Tuesday the resignation of the Duke of Devonshire was announced. In a letter to the Prime Minister His Grace gave his reasons for this step, stating that he was not prepared to support Mr. Balfour in his new fiscal policy.

Army and Navy Items.—Major-General Sir H. Rundle, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., D.S.O., has been appointed to the command of the North-Eastern District at York. His place at the head of the Fifth Division of the Second Army Corps at Dover will be taken by Major-General H. F. Grant, C.B.—Lieutenant-Colonel C. T. Reay, C.B., has given up command of the 2nd Battalion Manchester Regiment. He is succeeded by Major Simpson, second in command of the 3rd Battalion of the regiment.—A Royal Warrant will shortly be promulgated granting combatant rank to the officers of the Army Veterinary Department, and considerably improving the rates of pay and retired pay.—Owing to the paucity of recruits for the Coldstream and Scots Guards, it has been officially suggested that the 3rd Battalion of each regiment should be disbanded. It is thought, that so long as the new pattern cap is worn recruits will not be forthcoming.—In order to diminish the Army Clothing Department's large stock of plain clothes which accumulated during the war, it has been decided to reduce the price per suit from 13s. 6d. to 10s. and encourage the sale of the clothing to soldiers on discharge and to Militiamen.—About one hundred acres of land near Dover have been purchased as a site for the new Duke of York's School.—Vice-Admiral E. C. Drummond has been promoted

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places very familiar to dwellers in the Metropolis. For instance, the first and fourth acts are in Grafton Street, New Bond Street; the second act is at a house in Langham Street; the third is in a private room at the Café Régence, and the epilogue takes place (of all places) at a Baker Street photographer's. The events of the four acts, commencing one Saturday in the middle of June, only occupy a few hours, but between the epilogue and the fourth act a lapse of two years and a half is supposed to occur. Thus it may be seen that the uncompromising realism Mr. Pinero has adopted of late

do in any other. But I fail, Mr. Maude, to see where your claim for "sweet compensation" comes in!

Sir Michael often amused the players in the orchestra by his quaint remarks. Once when Wagner's "Lohengrin" was being performed, the property-man had not properly fastened the neck of the Magic Swan which brings the hero ashore, and it wobbled about most absurdly. The conductor was very annoyed, and said to my friend, Mr. Blagrove (one of the first violins), "One of these nights, dat old goose will make de gallery roar with laughter." But the property-man got such a wiggling that, in future, Lohengrin's swan bowed its neck gracefully in response to the beautiful melody the hero sings.

"Dolly Varden," which, as I have already remarked, owes nothing to Dickens' "Barnaby Rudge," is a new comic opera produced at the Avenue Theatre on October 1. It was received with some favour, but in familiar parlance "it will not set the Thames on fire." It resembles in some respects "The Country Girl," as I understand Mr. Stange, the author, has transformed Peggy, the country girl, into Dolly Varden; Mr. Julian Edwards being the composer of the music. The book might be better; but I will leave a loophole for the author, and say it might be worse. So there is something to be thankful for. The music is fairly clever, but the tunes are repeated too frequently. "Dolly Varden" is said to be pure comic opera, not musical comedy.

The Court Theatre, Sloane Square, will be opened on Monday, Oct. 26, with a grand revival of "The Tempest," a work of Shakspeare's now



THE LATE MRS. BARBARA MOON.

Stated to be the last English survivor of the battle of Waterloo. She died last week at the age of ninety-three. Mrs. Moon's father was a colour-sergeant in the Rifle Brigade, and after serving throughout the Peninsular War, was present at Waterloo, where he was wounded by a nine-pound shot, which resulted in his death. Mrs. Moon, who was only four years of age at the time, was present at the battles of Quatre-Bras and Waterloo, and with her mother rode in a baggage-wagon which accompanied the British forces. Mrs. Moon had been bedridden for several years prior to her death.

plays. I hope he will be successful, but I fear he will be hampered at the Court in a play like "The Tempest" by the small size of the stage.



Photo. Pyke.

A FIRST-PRIZE BABY.

MASTER GEORGE THOMAS, WINNER OF THE FIRST PRIZE AT THE BABY-SHOW IN THE NEW KENT ROAD. HIS AGE IS ELEVEN AND A HALF MONTHS.

is likely to be in full force in "Letty," which I must again refer to.

Mr. Cyril Maude has given a pleasant history of the Haymarket Theatre, with a host of amusing stories and anecdotes of the theatre, from the earliest times down to the present day. Mr. Maude has the strongest regard for his profession; nor can we wonder, remembering that he and his wife, and his wife's father and grandfather, achieved distinction on the stage. But we can hardly agree with Mr. Maude when he claims "sweet compensation for the poor player." I would remind him that no other profession is so well paid. Let him console himself by comparing the monetary "compensations" received by the "poor player" who has special talent with that awarded to the "poor artist," the "poor journalist," or the "poor magazine-writer." The poor poet generally publishes at a loss. The poor artist is often miserably paid unless he is a Phil May. But the poor actor or actress can always get a living. In my early life I knew a young lady who "took to the stage," as her friends (respectable tradespeople) said with bitter contempt. She played soubrettes in her younger days. At the present time she is a highly respected performer of old women's parts, and earns ten pounds a week. But, remember, she has been on the stage since she was fifteen years of age, and, as she once told me, she never ceased to learn. Some of our drawing-room actors despise study, and therefore fail to rise in their profession as they would

seldom performed. I remember seeing an opera on the subject by the French composer Halévy, but it was not a success. Mr. J. H. Leigh, the new lessee, is an excellent reader of Shakspeare's

If successful, Mr. Leigh proposes other important revivals. Good luck to him! Mendelssohn once thought of setting "The Tempest" as an opera. THE PROMPTER.

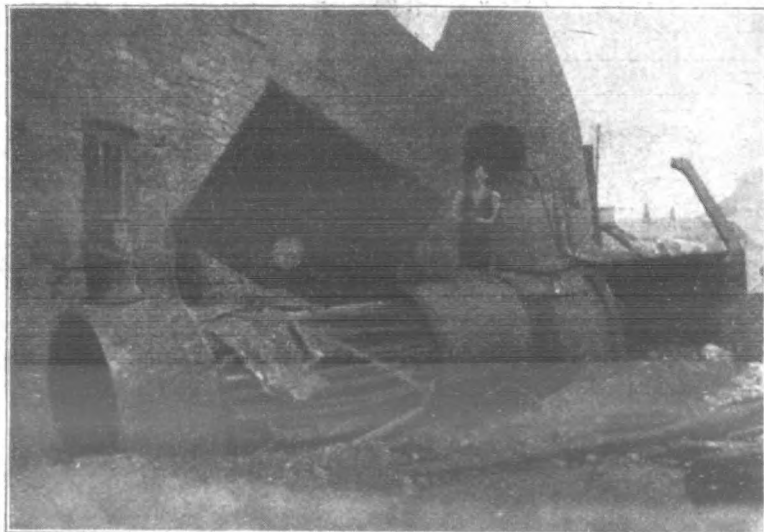


Photo. L. Haywood.

ACCIDENT TO AN ENGINE AT LLANELLY.

THE LOCOMOTIVE SHOWN ABOVE WAS BLOWN OFF THE LINE OWING TO THE RUPTURING OF THE BOILER LAST WEEK. THE DRIVER AND STOKER WERE BOTH KILLED, AND PIECES OF THE ENGINE WERE FOUND A HUNDRED YARDS FROM THE SCENE OF THE ACCIDENT.



LONDON JOURNALISTS LISTENING TO MR. BALFOUR SPEAKING AT SHEFFIELD, 160 MILES AWAY, BY MEANS OF THE ELECTROPHONE.

SCENES FROM "THE FLOOD TIDE," AT DRURY LANE.—SEE THIS WEEK'S "SKETCH."

RESULT OF OUR SECOND STORY COMPETITION.

After a most careful examination of all the sheets sent in for our Second Great Story Competition, we have pleasure in announcing the following result—

FIRST PRIZE, £30 CASH,

has been awarded to

HUBERT C. LEWIS, Newbold Rectory, Stratford-on-Avon.

SECOND PRIZE, £10 CASH,

has been awarded to

MRS. KENT, The Cottage, Salt Hill, Chichester.

TEN PRIZES OF £1 EACH

have been awarded as follows—

MISS ANNIE MANSON, 45, Glover Street, Leith.
MR. GEO. FERGUSON, 79, Digby Road, Green Lanes, London, N.
MRS. C. C. PRADDOCK, Lillingham, Southminster, Essex.
M. J. COOPER, 47, Butter Market, Ipswich.
MRS. BROOKES, 57, Derwent Street, Leicester.
MR. ARCHIE HOBBS, 31, Herschell Road, Elmde, Exeter.
MR. THOMAS LEE, 26, Latimer Street, Oldham.
S. DIXON, 1, Crickdale Road, Bishopston, Bristol.
MR. CHARLES MACCORMACK, Sen., 19, York Street, Dublin.
MISS AMY TITLEY, 129, South Lambeth Road, London, S.W.

The following is the list of correct extracts—

1. "By Jove! that's a fine girl," Mr. Ket'l well exclaimed.
2. "No, nor Joe either," said the lady.
3. "And pray why?" said Dermot, suddenly evincing a shade of curiosity.
4. "Fancy you finding time to frivol."
5. Lifted the lasson from in his Herculean arms, and carried her like a sleeping child.
6. Her fingers closed upon the chain.
7. "Don't worry about it, Roddie," she said.
8. "Oh God! Oh God! it's all come back to me."
9. "As for the one man, I felt I could strangle out of him the life, without remorse."
10. She referred him to the neighbours or the tradespeople.
11. That night at dinner he again met Richard Elmsmore.
12. "In which case," her Ladyship replied, "you must expect to get the worst of the fight."
13. "I'm going," she screamed, "going."
14. "Don't be too sure, Ben," said the other.
15. "Child, how you are trembling," said Sister Ellen.
16. Leering at her with bloodshot eyes.
17. Dermot for a moment glared at her.
18. "Go!" he said, the other arm outstretched.
19. Then for the first time he looked at what she had thrust into his hand—a trinket.
20. Swaying backwards, he clutched the mantelpiece to steady himself.
21. "Mrs. Fairfax, this is indeed a pleasure."
22. Clapped her hand to her breast, and walked on hurriedly.
23. "Joy, Joy!" she cried. "My darling."
24. "You consider I have neglected you?"
25. He took her hands and looked down into her liquid eyes.
26. "I have such glorious news."
27. "Slip off that cloak," he said.
28. "Yes, yes," he said, "it's me. Thank God in time."
29. "The door!" she said, then turned her back on Mr. Egerton Jones.
30. For answer she spread out the paper crumpled in her hand.
31. Inquired of the distinguished butler within the portico if she could for a moment speak to Viscount Laleham.
32. "Say! you've never heard me tell a story," said the Timber King.

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Lady's World

OCTOBER NUMBER.

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Poisoning by Catarrh.

The far-reaching effects of catarrh of the nose and throat are not well understood by the general public. A chronic cold in the head may seem a simple thing, but it is relentless in its effect upon the general health. The obnoxious accumulations of catarrhal secretions in the nose and of phlegm in the throat contain germs of disease and toxic substances which are liable to absorption by the blood and thus to be carried to all parts of the human organisation. General depression of health follows, the kidney, liver, and stomach become disturbed, the nervous system loses its tone, and often we find the catarrhal sufferer becoming a nervous wreck through the ravages of this dread disease, that has well been termed the "White Plague." Those who have catarrh will do well to study this subject as described in the last number of the *Review of Ear, Nose, and Throat Diseases*. A copy of this medical publication can be obtained, post free, by addressing The Editor, Drouet Institute, 10, Marble Arch, London, W. This number of the *Review* also contains a "Supplement" giving the details of a large number of cases of catarrh cured by a new method, which has been successful where operative procedures and cauterisations have failed. There is, likewise, a Report Form, by means of which patients suffering with deafness or ear, nose, or throat ailments can obtain free advice by post. When possible, however the Editor advises patients to have a consultation with the medical staff at the Drouet Institute. Consulting hours are—in the morning, 10 to 12; and in the afternoon, 2 to 4, weekdays only. A fee of five shillings is charged for personal consultation.

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THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

FOOTBALL.

MANCHESTER CITY have fallen; and now only the two Sheffield clubs remain undefeated in the League. Sheffield United have the additional honour of having won every match they have played, and it was to them that the spoils went at Hyde Road last Saturday. Foulke made his first appearance for the Blades this season, and right well did the burly custodian keep his charge. Like a certain character of W. S. Gilbert's, "still more corpulent he grows"; and even Hillman, stalwart as the old Burnley goalkeeper is, looked small by comparison. Young Brown, the lad from Gainsborough who is filling Hedley's shoes with great credit at centre forward, got the only goal of the match for the United.

The performance of Sheffield Wednesday was not so creditable as that of their fellow-townsmen. The League champions were playing on their own ground, and yet only contrived to scrape home luckily by two goals to one. Moreover, Notts Forest had a number of alterations in their ranks, and one of their side gave away a goal, so that the game can hardly be reckoned wholly satisfactory to the Sheffielders. Sunderland are on the same mark, so far as points are concerned, with the Sheffield teams, the Wear-siders' latest victims being the Rovers of Blackburn. Both Sunderland and Sheffield Wednesday have played a game more than the United, but, on the other hand, the latter's goal average is not nearly so good as the others.

On the face of it, Newcastle's victory by two goals to one at Derby appears to be a splendid performance, but Derby County are giving such a series of unstable displays that their downfall was not unexpected, especially as the Novocastrians always play at the top of their form on the Baseball Ground. The "Rams" sadly want another Bloomer to come along, for the shooting lacks all trace of power and sting. Aston Villa came a cropper at Stoke, where the "Potters" won by two goals to nil, Roose performing magnificently in goal. Stoke are good judges of football talent, and in securing their amateurs, especially Roose, they displayed fine judgment.

A team which is doing exceedingly well just now is Everton, and I should not be at all surprised to see them bang on top directly, provided, of course, they don't have more than their fair share of ill-luck. They had to take the field last Saturday without their best full-back, Balmer, and in addition their two left-wingers were hurt, yet they pulled through against Middlesbrough by two goals to nil. The winners played a young amateur from Blackpool, named H. P. Hardman, and a promising

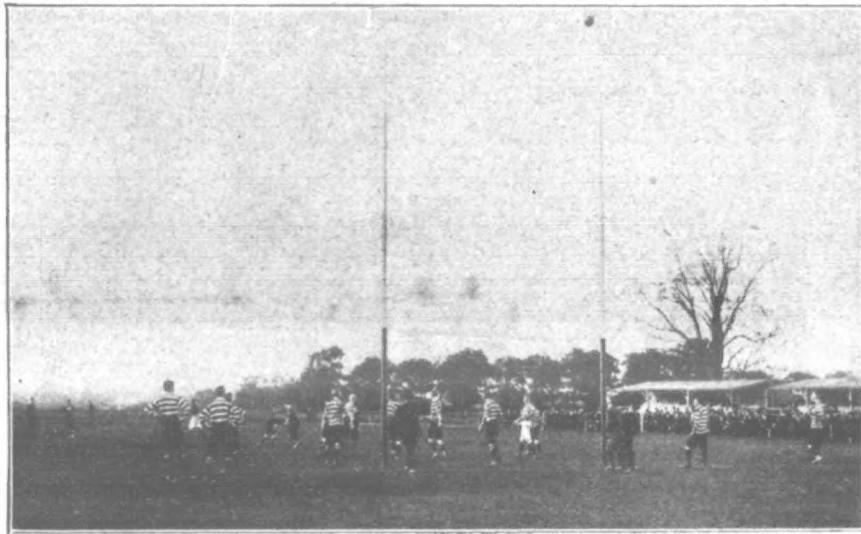


ROSSLYN PARK v. LONDON SCOTTISH: A LINE OUT.

another on Monday, when Queen's Park Rangers were overplayed at Tottenham and beaten by three goals to nil. The defence was the principal feature of both matches, the veteran Tait giving a magnificent exhibition.

Brighton and Hove failed utterly to reproduce that fine form which earned them the victory over Portsmouth, and they went under before Northampton to the tune of four goals to nil. The victory of the visitors to Brighton was a handsome one, and the same remark applies to the win which Bristol Rovers registered at the expense of Brentford. The Middlesex men began well, but they were afterwards overplayed, and so finely did the Rovers perform that they eventually won by five goals to one.

The proposed Association County Championship is hanging fire. Most of the secretaries have replied to the circular sent out that they consider that the competition should be postponed until next season. The committee have wisely accepted the situation, and in the immediate future they will send round to the counties a request that the scheme be well supported next year. For myself, I have doubts as to its success; but that it may succeed is



ROSSLYN PARK v. LONDON SCOTTISH: A GOAL TO THE SCOTTISH.

display the recruit gave. He is article to his father, who is a solicitor in Manchester.

West Bromwich Albion have worked their way up the League table by an excellent victory over Bury by three goals to two. It was a most interesting match, and the people in West Bromwich are beginning to think that their team is working round to be quite high-class again. The "wooden-spoonists" of the League, Liverpool and Small Heath, met on the latter's ground. Neither had previously won a match, but Liverpool just managed to pull through by two goals to one, and poor Small Heath have now the doubtful distinction of being the only club without a "winning bracket."

In the Second Division of the League there was a great game at Plumstead—great, that is, for one side, as Woolwich Arsenal altogether upset the calculations and aspirations of Manchester United, who went down by four to love. It was a big performance, and it would appear that at last the perseverance and pluck of the Woolwich directors will be rewarded with First Division honours. It is a singular fact that Bristol City have never won a match at Barnsley, and their latest visit to that town ended in another defeat by two goals. To suffer two successive reverses, one of them on their own ground, is a bitter experience for the "Cits," who occupy a position in the League table which is very distasteful to their supporters.

In the Southern League, Millwall continue to go strong; in fact, the "Lions" are after all the scalps they can get, so I was boldly informed by one of their ardent supporters on Monday, when they beat West Ham by three to nil in the London League. Their game last Saturday with Kettering was quite a walk-over, the Kettering players being unable to hold the clever East-Enders, who won by seven goals to one—a score which is sufficiently explanatory of the game. Next to Millwall come Luton, who did a fine performance in journeying to Plymouth and making a draw with the Argyle. The latter are close up to the two leaders, and so are Reading and Southampton. Reading were expected to beat Tottenham Hotspur, but could do no better than draw, on their own ground, with a score of two goals each. The "Spurs" are gradually coming along, and their highly satisfactory display was followed by

my earnest wish, for we want something to stimulate county football.

ATHLETICS AND CYCLING.

Last Saturday was a busy day in athletic circles. The cross-country season "made its bow," while athletics proper was slowly dying; but from now field and fallow will hold pride of place, and the cinder-path has to give. Turning to the "flat," the Tee-To-Tum Athletic Club had a meeting at Stamford Hill, the principal event being an open eight miles walking handicap. This event secured a big entry of over sixty walkers. T. E. Norton, of the Cambridge Harriers, was the winner; E. J. Upton, Northampton Institute Harriers, finished second; and J. W. Cole, of the Surrey Walking Club, was third.

The cross-country season has never had such a good send-off. In no case was there any racing, with the exception of the mile run in for novices, which has become such a popular feature of ordinary runs. Our oldest cross-country club—the Thames Hare and Hounds—has not yet commenced its season, but the next in order of seniority, the Blackheath Harriers, had a very successful outing from the Green Man, Blackheath Hill. The Heathens, formed as the Peckham Athletic Club in 1898, had no less than thirty-three men out, divided into three packs—fast, medium, and slow. The novice's prize was won by C. Carter.

The South London Harriers had an equally successful outing at Croydon. The "irrepressibles" have gained in

strength since last season, and it is hoped that they will have a better team than last season to support that great athlete, A. Shrubbs, in the forthcoming championships. Joe Binks has thrown in his lot with the Highgate Harriers, the present holders of the Southern Counties Championship, and the North London club have great hopes of retaining the title. By the way, there appears little doubt that that event will be run at Lingfield, but the date has yet to be decided upon.

The Herne Hill Harriers are likely to make a prominent show this season, and in the South of the Thames race



"OLD TOM" MORRIS.

THE VETERAN GOLF PROFESSIONAL, WHO LAST WEEK RESIGNED HIS POSITION OF GREEN-KEEPER.

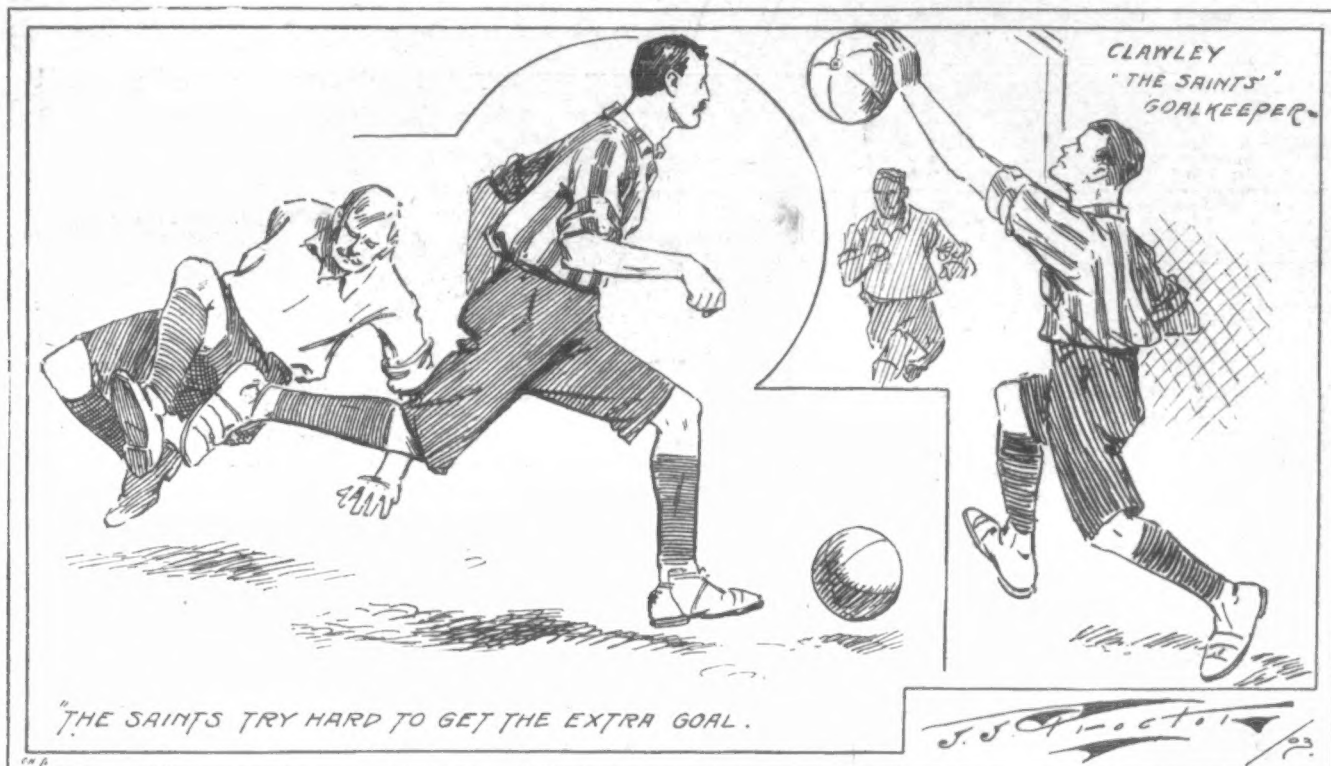
they will have the services of F. Appleby (the holder of the 15 miles record), H. Melbourne, C. H. Dyer, W. G. Briant, C. T. Eighteen, D. G. Harris, and A. R. Lake. They will be hard to beat in the minor event. Of other clubs of note Ranelagh, Finchley, Polytechnic, Kent, Isledon, Wigmore, and St. Mary's are going very strongly, and the Thames Valley Harriers, after dropping out last year, will again send teams to the championships.

S. A. Firmin, of the South London Harriers, has just left England for the Cape, where he has secured an appointment. In his day Firmin was a fairly good sprinter, and his best performance was in the Essex



ROSSLYN PARK v. LONDON SCOTTISH AT RICHMOND: SCOTTISH NEARLY IN.

A PRETTY SCENE FROM THE NEW EMPIRE BALLET.—SEE THIS WEEK'S "SKETCH."



SOUTHAMPTON v. FULHAM LAST SATURDAY: SPECIAL "P.I.P." SKETCHES.

Championships in 1900, when he finished second in the quarter-mile.

BILLIARDS.

It is a capital augury for the success of the new billiard season that at every "sitting" in the match of 18,000 up between C. Dawson and E. Diggle the attendance has been well above the average for "exhibition" matches. It is also an excellent sign of the levelling-up among our foremost players that Dawson is only allowing his opponent 1000 start instead of 2000, as was the case for so long a time. The play has so far fluctuated between good, bad, and indifferent, but doubtless a steadier vein will come as the effect of constant practice.

Much interest is being taken in the meeting between Cecil Harverson and Fred Bateman, at Soho Square, which commences next Monday and finishes on Oct. 24. The twain are to play 16,000 up, level, for £50, and as both are thorough triers, the match should be well worth seeing.

SWIMMING.

There was a big gathering of celebrities at the Ravensbourne club's coming-of-age gala last Saturday - the event being made a complimentary testimonial to Mr. George Pragnell, president of the A.S.A. Mr. Pragnell has expressed his intention of applying the proceeds to building a miniature rifle-range and covered skittle alley at Lee for the use of the Ravensbourne members. It is confidently hoped that over £500 will be realised altogether as the result of the committee's admirable efforts.

The chief race on the programme last Saturday was the ladies' 100 yards championship of England. Miss M. Scott, the holder, could not compete owing to illness, and in her absence the event was easily won by Miss H. C. Thorpe, of Leeds, a former winner of the championship. D. Billington did not go for the 440 yards challenge bowl race, and the road was thus cleared for J. A. Jarvis, who gained a ready victory from Forsyth, Curwen, and Radmolvic. The polo match between London and Manchester ended in favour of the latter side by five goals to one. Wallace was absent from the London team.

On Monday evening the plunging championship was decided at Gateshead. W. Taylor, who holds the record of 79 ft. 3 in., was again successful, the Liverpool man being

followed by T. W. Wright (Leicester) and A. Atkinson (Stockton) in the order named.

GOLF.

Last week at the business meeting of the Royal and Ancient Club, the governing body of golf—Sir John Gilmour, the captain, presiding—Mr. Cathcart, chairman of the green committee, reported that Tom Morris had resigned the position of green-keeper owing to his advanced age. It was unanimously agreed to record in the minutes

partners in great golf matches. The first match of importance in which he played was a foursome for £400 over Musselburgh, St. Andrews, and North Berwick. He was open champion in 1861, 1862, 1864, and 1867.

CROQUET.

That croquet retains its hold among popular pastimes was evident during the important meeting at Eastbourne last week, when the play was watched by enthusiastic crowds every day it was in progress. M. O. Giannetti, who has



AT NEWMARKET: READY TO START FOR THE JOCKEY CLUB STAKES.

THE RACE RESULTED AS FOLLOWS: SCEPTER, 1; ROCK SAND, 2; CAPPA WHITE, 3.

the club's appreciation of his faithful services, along with the hope that he might be long spared to go round the links. It was further arranged that Tom should receive his present salary for the rest of his life and be appointed honorary advising green-keeper. Tom Morris was born in St. Andrews in 1821, and was a golfer from his tenth or eleventh year. He entered the employment of Allan Robertson, another name famous in golfing history, as golf ball maker, and Allan and Tom were frequently

won honours on the operative stage, was victorious in the Gentlemen's Singles, A. Maxwell Stuart, his opponent in the final, being beaten by two games to one. In the Ladies' Singles Mrs. Berens defeated Mrs. Luscombe by five; and in the Open Doubles A. G. A. Clarke and Miss Pares beat H. S. G. Rutson and Miss Cowie. The Essex open meeting, which began on Monday, is the concluding tournament of the season, and the excellent entries assured a successful wind-up.

BANSHIEE.



THREE BROTHERS ELECTROCUTED IN AMERICA.

A REMARKABLE SCENE WAS WITNESSED ON OCTOBER 1 IN THE NEW YORK STATE PRISON AT DANMORA, WHEN THREE BROTHERS NAMED VAN WORMEE WERE EXECUTED FOR THE MURDER OF THEIR UNCLE TWO YEARS AGO. OUR ARTIST HERE SHOWS THE METHOD OF EXECUTION ADOPTED IN AMERICA.

SKETCHES OF "DOLLY VARDEN," AT THE AVENUE.—SEE THIS WEEK'S "SKETCH."

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Rheumatism, Weak Backs, Lame Shoulders, Tired Arms and Legs, Stiffness, Neuralgia, Sore Throat, Cold in the Chest, Aching Muscles, Swellings, Bruises, Sprains, Tired and Tender Feet.

Mr. F. Robinson, 6, Reservoir View, Thornton, Bradford, writes:—"Upon my recommendation I wrote you last week on behalf of a friend of mine for a bottle of Omega Oil; his complaint was Lumbago. On the first application of the Oil the effect was marvellous, and in five days after receiving the bottle he was able to be at his work again. It is a boon to the sufferer, and should command a good sale."

Of all Chemists,

Price 1/1½. Large Bottle, 2/9.

HINDE'S

The late Lord Justice Chitty, on the application of Mr. Lewis Edmunds, Q.C., recently granted a perpetual injunction, with costs, restraining a West End Draper from passing off spurious curlers and selling them as "Hinde's" curlers. Evidence was given by a lady nurse, Mrs. Nobbs of Kensington, that she had suffered damage by such misrepresentation. Ladies are urged to note that no curlers or wavers are genuine "Hinde's" unless they bear the name "Hinde's" on both the article and on the box. The present fashion of Ondulated hair renders "Hinde's" curlers a necessity at any well-appointed toilet table, and ladies to whom these little appliances may be at present unknown will experience a revelation as to the ease and rapidity with which the day or evening coiffure can be completed. They are sold in 1/- boxes by every dealer in the three Kingdoms, or Sample Box may be had free by post for thirteen stamps from the proprietors, Hindes Limited, Finsbury, London, E.C.

HAIR WEVERS

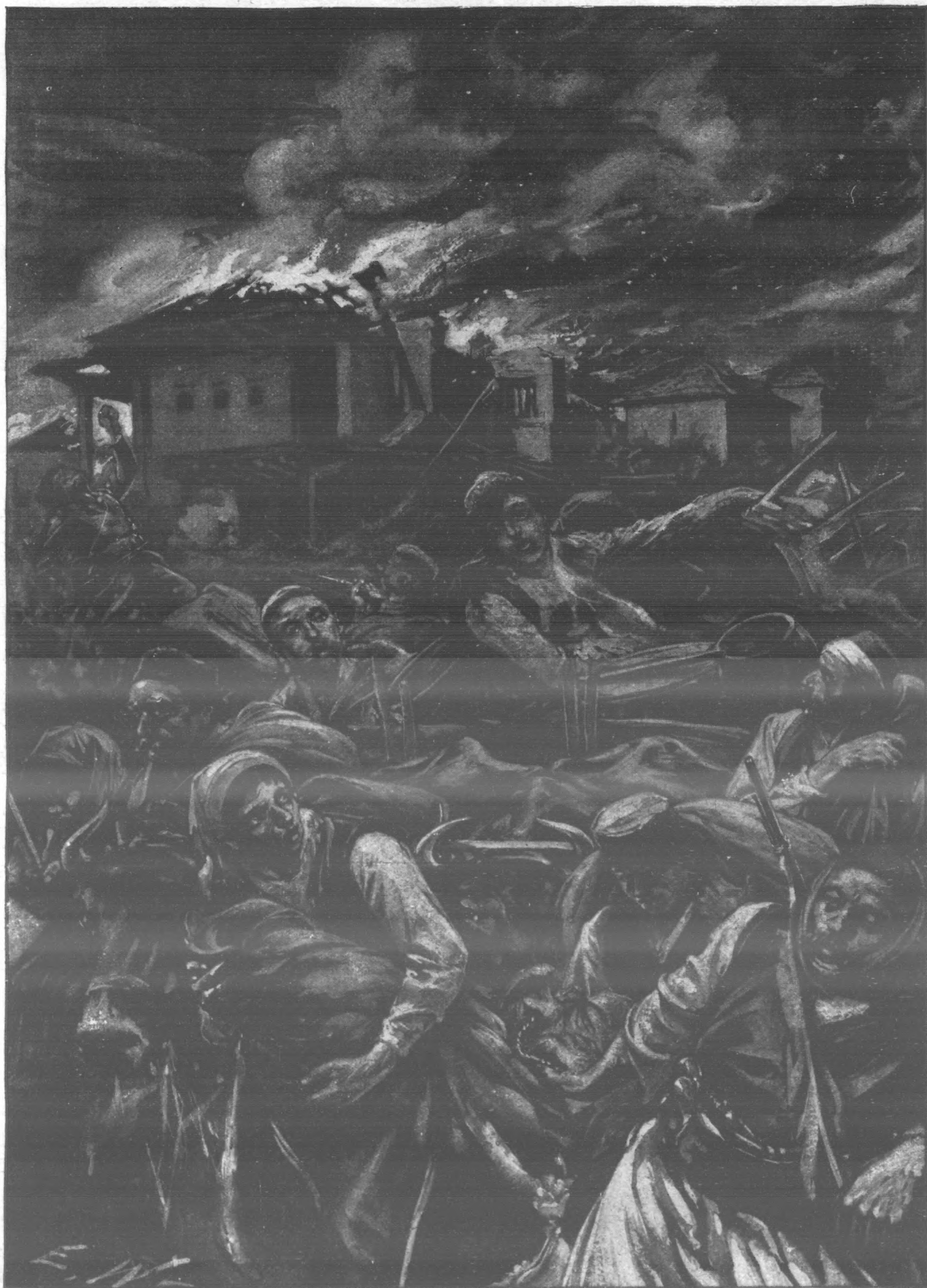
SNOWITE COLLARS

Something fresh, useful, and never on market before. Undistinguishable from linen. Will not crack or turn yellow. Always ready for wear. When soiled, washed with soap and water and dried on towel. No starching required. After this they are snowy white as before. COLLARS 6d. each, or 3 for 18 (state size and style when ordering). CUFFS 1/- pair. FRONTS 1/- each. All post free. Supplied only by **PARKER'S**. Full Illustrated List sent.



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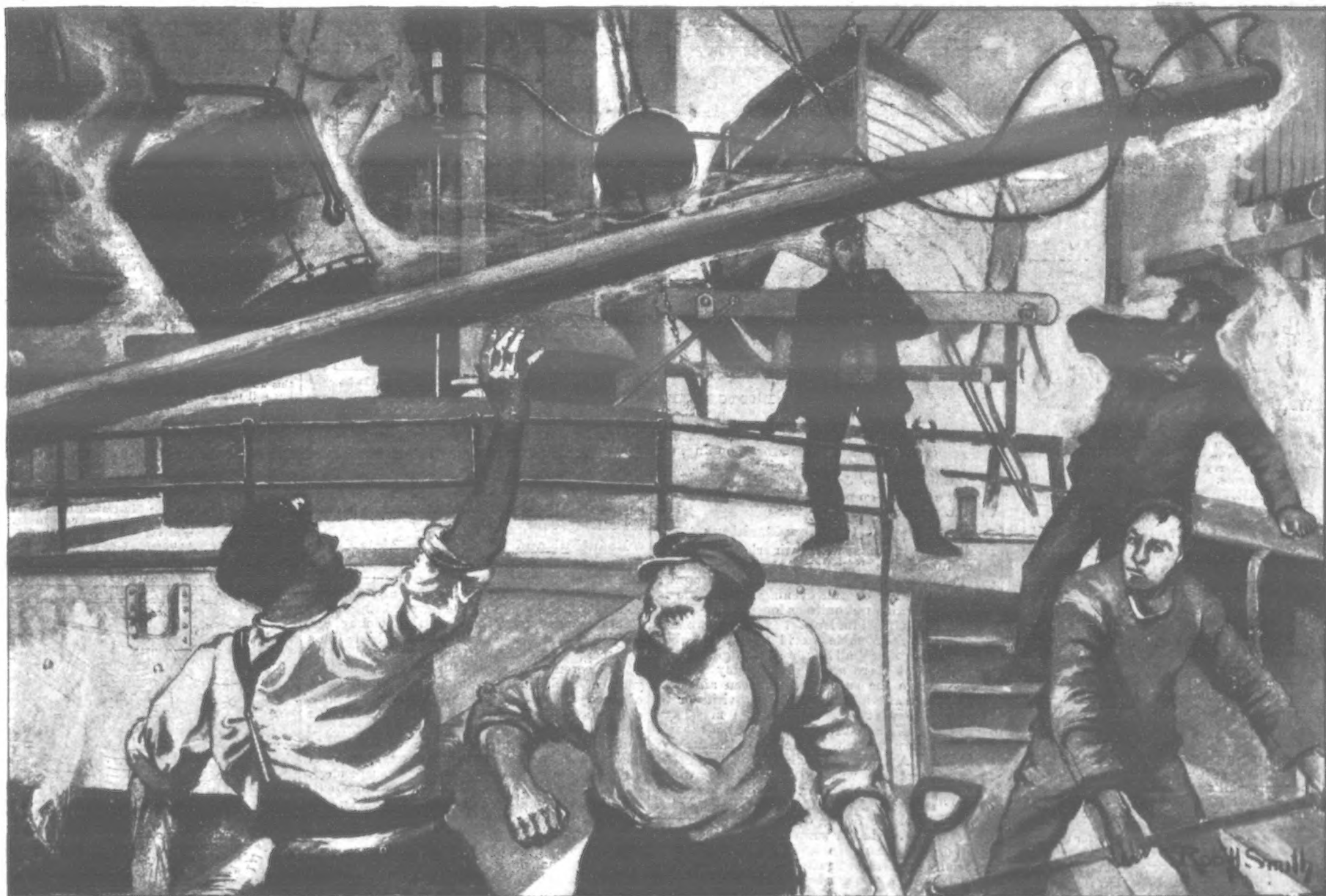


THE RISING IN THE BALKANS: INHABITANTS FLYING FROM A VILLAGE FIRED BY THE TURKS.



THE GREAT BABY-SHOW IN SOUTH LONDON: SPECIAL "P.L.P." SKETCHES AT MURPHY HALL.

(See "The Week's News.")



FATAL ACCIDENT IN DEPTFORD DOCK: KILLED BY A FALLING "BOOM."

While the Norwegian steam-ship "Skaats" was being unloaded, a chain attached to the crane came in contact with the boom of the vessel, which fell upon the chief engineer, Canute Erblon, killing him instantly.

LUTAS LEATHLEY'S
AUTUMN AND WINTER DRESSES

ALWAYS TO THE FRONT FOR WEAR.

Our productions for the coming season are larger in variety than ever. Our Patrons need no inviting; but to those who have not seen our Goods they are respectfully invited to write for Patterns at once. Remember, we cut any length from the piece at Warehouse Prices; we pay Carriage upon all orders; we send Patterns Post Free, which need not be returned; and last, but not least, we guarantee Satisfaction, or we refund cash.

Tweeds from 11s. 6d.; Cloths from 10s. 6d.; Wylwyl Cloth, 1s. 9d.; Zibeline, 1s. 3d.; New Llanette Stripe, 2s. 3d.; Jacket Cloths, 1s. 6d.; Tweeds, 4s. Splendid variety. Remnant Parcels. Dress, 5s. and 10s.; Blouse, 4s. 6d.; Petticoat, 4s. 6d.

Send at once for Patterns and Price List.

LUTAS LEATHLEY & CO. (DEPT. 68),
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MUSIC YOU LOVE BEST.

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PATENT BROAD REED.

Melodeons

HAVE THE LARGEST SALE OF ANY MUSICAL INSTRUMENT IN THE WORLD.

They have Organ and Celestial Tone and Charming Bell Accompaniments. NO HOME SHOULD BE WITHOUT ONE. The Solemn Psalm, the Soul-stirring Hymn, the Cheerful Song, and the Merry Dance can all be played on these charming instruments. No knowledge of Music required.

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SPECIAL OFFER TO THE READERS OF "THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER."

CAMPBELL'S "GRAND" MELODEON. . . 6s. 9d.
 CAMPBELL'S "MINIATURE" MELODEON 10s. 9d.
 CAMPBELL'S "PARAGON" MELODEON. . 12s. 6d.
 CAMPBELL'S "FAYOCHITE" MELODEON 16s. 6d.

MONEY RETURNED IF NOT APPROVED.

WORTH DOUBLE THE MONEY. ORDER AT ONCE.

Any of the above sent, Carriage Paid, to any Address in Great Britain or Ireland, on receipt of P.O.O.

USEFUL AND ELEGANT PRESENTS.

200,000 TESTIMONIALS. Read the following—

The Editor of "THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER" says: "Practical believers in the humanising effects of good music, Campbell & Co., 116, Trongate, Glasgow, supply at reasonable prices a wonderfully diversified variety of musical instruments."

PROFESSOR BROWN, THE CHAMPION MELODEON PLAYER of Great Britain, Ireland, and Wales: "Campbell's Patent Melodeons are the finest instruments that have ever come under my touch, and only require a trial to advertise themselves."

All lovers of music should at once send for Campbell's 1903 Illustrated Price-List of all kinds of Musical Instruments and Talking Machines, from 10s. each. Also 10,000 Best London Made Records, 1s. each; Columbia, 1s. 3d. CAMPBELL'S GENUINE COLUMBIA GRAPHOPLONES are the best in the world. Send for full Price List.

CAMPBELL AND CO., 116, Trongate, Glasgow. (Est. 60 Years.)
 N.B.—Beware of WORTHLESS IMITATIONS.
CAMPBELL'S are the ONLY GENUINE.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

WE who write about fashions at this time of year have our work cut out for us, for if we take our cue from the weekly journals of fashions, everything seems new and strange, but when we make a round of the leading shops, the changes are less apparent. In toques there is little change; the very elegant headgear of last season is still in favour, and I had great hopes that the designers of fashion had some pretty novelties in store for us; but practically there is no change, and when a shade of novelty does appear it is not an alteration for the better, but the worse.

The Hats and Toques

are still flat and wide and starting out over the forehead, and those of my readers whose toques and hats of last season are in good condition, will be glad to hear that new headgear will not be necessary—perhaps, I should add, during the autumn, for by November there may be a change for the better. The coming of the short dress has not made things easier for women who desire to be in the fashion and yet economical, for the former state involves no less than three frocks, to be going at the same time. That is the limit. Rich women, of course, have duplicates of one or all, or three, four, or half-a-dozen of each. But let us suppose that three

to those of the best pattern, which protects the back of the neck and the throat. Nothing will make a motor-hood pretty to look at, as in it the head is an abnormal size; but motorists tell me that it adds much to the comfort of women who go long and rapid excursions in motor-cars. "A Mother," who is anxious to have two of her daughters trained to be

"Really Good Cooks,"

asks me how she should set about it. She lives quite close to Battersea Park, and should like the training-school—or whatsoever the institution they would have to attend is called—to be as near that neighbourhood as possible. There is an excellent Housewifery School—and housewifery includes cooking—at the South-West London Polytechnic, Manresa Road, Chelsea. I am told that there is an excellent course there. "A Mother" should write to the secretary for particulars without delay, as all the schools and classes open in October.

Have any of my readers been fortunate enough to receive a copy of John Noble's autumn catalogue of novelties for the season? If not, let me recommend those who wish to procure economical and good-wearing materials combined to write to the Brook Street Mills for a copy. What could be better or more inexpensive than the John Noble vicuna twill? It is 52 in. wide, and 1s. 3d. a yard. The full dress length of six yards comes to 7s. 6d., and

the goods a trial for themselves, and when sending an order please mention the P.I.P.

Have I any or many

Young Mothers

amongst my readers? If so, let me recommend those of them who are puzzled and worried about the little one in the nursery, and perhaps are made miserable by noticing that it does not thrive as it ought, to send without loss of time for the revised edition of a little book called "The Feeding of Infants and Growing Children," by G. Mellin. For a copy of the book in question send address to "Mellin's Food, Limited, Peckham, London, S.E.," and a copy will be forwarded gratis. The question of infant mortality is very much before the public at present, and those who are competent to judge are agreed that the high infantile death-rate during the first five years of life can be prevented, as it is due for the most part to bad feeding. Mothers in nine cases out of ten do not understand how to feed their babies, and in cases of emergency they are too often quite helpless, not from indifference, but from ignorance. The excellent little book mentioned above contains a vast amount of invaluable information which should be in the possession of every mother. In the case of helpless little babies there is no saying more applicable than the well-known one, "Prevention is better than cure." When sending for the book, mention can be made of the "World of Women" in the P.I.P. if the sender pleases. MARGUERITE.

"P.I.P." Farmer and Gardener.

Modern Seed-Testing.

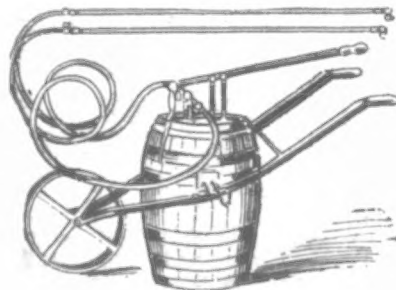
AN article in the current number of the *Magazine of Commerce* deals with the great importance to the farmer of good seed, and the necessity for scientific and systematic testing. The author gives a description, with illustrations, of the seed-testing station at Aynscombe. There are few matters, he writes, in connection with the landed interests of the country that are of greater importance to the farming community than the use of good seed. It frequently happens, notwithstanding the gravity of the question, that those specially interested scarcely realise as they ought that the best seed only is good enough for sowing purposes. The price of the best is, as a rule, but a trifling amount compared with the combined cost of the rental of land, artificial manure, and the labour-bill; yet it is of common occurrence that all these items of expense are seriously risked for the sake of a few pence per pound or shillings per acre, as the case may be. Unless the seed used by the farmer be genuine or true to name—comparatively pure, or free from weeds and dangerous fungi inimical to healthy growth—and the bulk of the seed respond readily to the germinating test, the crop must fail to remunerate the sower. In purchasing low-quality seeds—immature, impure, and of diminished vitality—the farmer not only loses at least a part of the expenses already enumerated, but he also loses his prospective profit on the outlay. When one realises this, the old adage, "One year's bad seeding means seven years' weeding," has special significance.

Housing Chrysanthemums.

Most market-growers who go in for large quantities of chrysanthemums will be busy at the present time clearing out the tomato crop from their houses as fast as possible in order that the chrysanthemums may be lifted from the open, or the crops growing in pots in the open may be brought in, says a writer in the *Market Gardener*. We noticed in the early part of the season that some growers were extra backward in getting out their crop of late 'mums, and these in many instances were so drawn that they had to be stopped back late. In many instances these will be late in showing up their buds, either in pots or in the open ground. The beginner in the trade will be in a nervous hurry to get these plants under cover as quickly as possible, and it is in the interest of these that we write this note. In no case, whether the plants are in pots or in the open ground—the open ground especially—must the plants be brought indoors or be lifted until the buds are formed. If they are taken under glass it will often happen that a long spindly growth will ensue, and poor, if any, flowers will result. So soon as the flower buds show, the plants should be lifted and be brought into the houses and be dug into the borders in rows, watering in every two or three rows as the work proceeds. In no case must the houses be shut up when the plants are brought in at first, but every ventilator should be fixed open night and day, as well as the doors, and be kept open until frost or high winds make it necessary to close them. When the plants are in position give the whole a dusting over with flowers of sulphur. In the afternoon, after bright days, a gentle dousing with the syringe will be a great advantage to the plants, but this must not be overdone. Where the plants are stood in peach-houses the trees should be gone over with a new birch broom first before the plants come in; this will remove all leaves that are ready to fall. Where plants from the open ground are brought into vineries and peach-houses, in no case must they be dug into the borders, as this would destroy the finest root of the trees and vines, but soil must be brought in in sufficient quantity to put between the balls of soil as the plants are put into position. If good balls are lifted with the plants, the soil to be brought in will not be very large in quantity. It may be thought that such advice is unnecessary, and that no grower would dig plants into his frame-borders, but we are afraid such a proceeding is by no means uncommon, and is the cause of much subsequent trouble.

A Hand Sprayer.

The spraying machine illustrated, made in two sizes, has been perfected with the greatest care in every detail. It is useful for spraying bush-fruit, orchards, and tall trees with such solutions as caustic soda, Paris green, "Strawonite," kerosene-emulsion, etc. The pumps are



A HAND SPRAYER.

powerful, and constructed entirely of brass, with valves of the same material. All the internal parts are readily accessible, and practically incorrodible. The machines are supplied with right and left spraying devices, each supplied with fifteen feet of hose for working round the trees.

BUYERS of Hyacinths, Tulips, Daffodils, and other Bulbs will find it greatly to their advantage to purchase their supplies from BERRIDGE & Co., of Middlewich, Cheshire. Send them a small trial order. Lists are sent free.—[ADVT.]



Photo. G. Garet-Charles.

THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF MISS LILY HANBURY.

will suffice. There is, first, the quite short dress for going out in the forenoon for shopping, or "paying the books," or ordering in supplies. Rich women, who do none of these homely domestic duties, go out for a morning stroll in the Park, or in Bond Street for

A Peep at the New Fashions

and to meet and chat with their friends. Then, after lunch, the "trotter" is changed for a dress of which the skirt just touches the ground; while for dinner or full evening dress there is the trained skirt, not quite as long as it was last spring, but a medium length. Now the women of my less fashionable world would probably wear the "trotter" all day, and change for the evening; but there are a great many women not exactly in the smart set who can afford to dress for the afternoon either to pay visits or to receive visitors at home. I think I may have mentioned before that the loose sac coat, although it will be worn, will not be the top of the fashion this year. A three-quarter length jacket, fitted to the figure and with double or treble capes reaching below the shoulder, has taken the place of the "sac"; and semi-fitting little coats with a cape-like sleeve falling over the arm are also to be seen. A similar wrap was in vogue some seven or eight years ago, and very pretty it was, especially on a slight figure.

As regards a "motor hood," I should recommend the correspondent who asks me to tell her how to make it, to buy a well-cut one ready-made, or to order one to be made for her. It must be large enough to go over a large hat or toque with perfect ease. There is a flap attached

the colours are navy blue, brown, grey, fawn, ruby, myrtle green, royal blue, and black. For the same price you can have six yards of excellent cheviot serge or a zibeline manufactured by John Noble specially for his many customers at home and abroad. See page 67 of the catalogue for list of the really

Beautiful and Inexpensive Materials

for mourning, and then turn over and read about the "parcels" which contain all the materials necessary for the making of a fashionable gown, the value of each dress being, John Noble assures us, "the best that money can buy." Let us see what the guinea dress "parcel" contains. There are, to begin with, seven yards of black voile, half a yard of rich silk for trimming, four yards of good stuff for lining of skirt, two yards of bodice-lining, two dozen of fashionable buttons, and sewing silk, twist, belting, hooks and eyes, binding, braid, bones, etc.; also one pair of patent dress-preservers, one pair cashmere hose, one pair stocking-suspenders, one card of safety-pins. The whole will be sent, safely packed and carriage paid, for £1 1s. 6d. The alpaca robe parcel, price 15s. 9d., carriage paid, contains dress material (seven yards) in fine alpaca (pink, cream, sky-blue, heliotrope, mauve, cardinal, or black), with a yard of silk for trimming, three yards of pretty lace insertion, linings, buttons, etc.; and it must be very poor indeed if it is not worth the price charged. John Noble's blankets, flannels, and flannelettes are too well known to need special recommendation; but I hope many of my readers will give

Ample devices are attached for thoroughly agitating and mixing up insoluble matter in the liquid before beginning to spray, and to keep up the suspension whilst working. Strainers are provided to keep the pumps clear of floating particles which choke the orifices. An adaptation of the same machine is made to pass easily between rows of bush-fruit, and can be used also for fruit-tree and other spraying. It is fitted with spray-nozzles and attachment, one on each side of the machine.

Pansies.

Seeds intended to produce flowers next spring and summer should, of course, have been sown some time ago, but those growers not caring about the trouble of rearing their own stock can buy strong young roots for bedding out next spring or propagate cutting now. The advantage



PANSIES.

of this system is that the risk is practically nil, for no plants are more easily grown than pansies; in addition, named varieties can be obtained very cheaply. A bed of pansies or violas is undoubtedly a thing of beauty, and from spring until late autumn bloom can be obtained without the least trouble.

Winter Laying.

Winter laying is a matter of hatching rather than breed. Almost any pullets, if hatched during March and April, and well housed and fed, will commence in the late autumn and lay regularly all through the winter. The former month is more suitable for the heavy or sitting breeds, as they require longer time in which to mature. Good or bad laying depends much on strain. Some Minorcas, properly housed and fed, kept in a covered-in run, and protected from wind and rain, have during winter laid as many eggs as any breed; and, on the other hand, others kept under the same conditions were useless for winter eggs. Shelter and warmth, with proper feeding, will work wonders with a non-sitting breed; but there must be a good strain with which to begin.

All Rural Readers

should make it a point to order *The Penny Illustrated Paper* to be sent them by their newsgents regularly every Friday morning. Don't leave it to chance. Order it in advance to prevent disappointment.

N.B.—The "P.I.P. Farmer" will be pleased to reply to rural questions sent to him through the Editor of *The Penny Illustrated Paper*, 193, Strand, W.C.

A BITTER REMORSE.

BY CHARLES E. PEARCE.

AUTHOR OF "THE HIDDEN HAND," "IN THE COILS OF KLONDIKE," "BY STRALTHY FOOTSTEPS," "BETTERED IN LUCKNOW," "JOHN DALE, CONVICT," &c.

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED]

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS: The night train from London to Southampton carries Mr. Moutrie, a wealthy Anglo-Indian, and his wife, Alicia Moutrie. There is a striking contrast between the pair, Mr. Moutrie being old and deformed, and his wife young and of singular beauty. They are obviously not on good terms, and it is, in fact, arranged that they shall part at Southampton, Mr. Moutrie returning to India. Alicia, at the last moment, refuses to travel with her husband, and she is shown, as the train starts, into a compartment containing Eric Graydon, a young man of means, who is on his way to join a yachting party. When the train arrives at Winchester it is found that Mr. Moutrie has been murdered, and the body robbed. Mrs. Moutrie remains at Winchester for the inquest. Eric Graydon is also requested to remain as a witness, and he shows the young widow some courtesies, for which, in her grave way, she seems grateful. The perpetrator of the murder cannot be traced, the inquest results in an open verdict, and Mrs. Moutrie returns to London. Eric Graydon bids her good-bye at the station, and on his asking if he may call she consents. The next moment she sees among those on the platform a face too well known to her, and sinks back in terror. Graydon, hearing that an evil-looking stranger has been making inquiries at Winchester about himself and Mrs. Moutrie, hurries up to London to put the latter on her guard, but cannot find her at the address given. At length he learns from her lawyers that she is at Merton Cottage, Uxbridge; also that she has refused to touch the fortune which would come to her from her late husband. Graydon hurries down to Uxbridge, and is followed by two men, who attack him, rifle his pockets, and leave him for dead. Alicia has an unwelcome visitor—Herbert Douglas—who had trapped her into marriage before she met Mr. Moutrie, and who had been arrested for forgery on the wedding day.

CHAPTER IX.

IN THE DAYS OF HER ROMANCE.

THE noise of the slamming of the door, announcing the departure of the man who had sprung upon Alicia Moutrie like one from the dead, broke the terrible stupor into which she had been plunged.

The torpid blood suddenly set in circulation rushed tumultuously through her heart, every nerve in her body quivered, the reins in her temples throbbed till the pain was almost unendurable, her eyes were hot as fire.

She threw back her hair with fingers that, resting on her burning forehead, felt like ice, and a low moan of agony escaped her.

"Is it possible I once imagined I loved this man?" she gasped.

She staggered to a couch; it gave a welcome rest to her nervous limbs. She closed her eyes as though to shut out the recollection of that

frightful interview, then she slowly raised her eyelids and caught sight of the wineglass from which he drank. It brought his image to her mind so vividly that she frenziedly seized the glass and hurled it into the grate. It was a relief to see its splintered fragments glistening in the lamplight.

"My husband! Merciful Heaven, to think of it!"

Yet it was true—too true! How the story of her girlhood stood out before her fevered vision! It seemed to her as if her life had been one long rebellion against stern destiny, one long fight for freedom.

The earliest chains forced upon her by fate came at a time when she was least fitted to bear their chafing. She was a spoilt child, the idol of her mother, who indulged her in every way, and gratified whenever it was possible every childish whim and fancy.

But the "spoiling" did not, as is often the case, have the effect of making her selfish and vain. It only allowed a genuine and impulsive nature to have full play, and made her impatient of control by anyone other than her mother, whom she passionately adored.

For a couple of decades since the days of the old East India Company, of which Sir Peter Folliot, who laid the foundation of the fortunes of the Folliot family, was a director, the Indian Civil Service and the Indian Army could always boast of a Folliot high up in office. The Folliot boys were educated to believe that appointments would drop into their mouths through "influence." The Folliot girls expected rich husbands by the same means, and as soon as they were old enough were carted off to India to secure matrimonial prizes.

Two of the Folliot girls were unusually successful. One married a Commissioner and the other a General. The third made the mistake of marrying for love. This one, the beauty of the family, was Alicia's mother.

Her husband was an enterprising young fellow, one of the first to go in for Indian tea-planting, and being in a way, as the superior Anglo-Indian Society deemed it, in trade, was looked down upon by the Army and by the Civil Service.

For all that, George Conway might have made a fortune had he not unhappily met his death through a fall from his horse. His widow came

to England with Alicia, and having no accomplishments by which she could earn her livelihood, she was practically supported by her two rich sisters, and accordingly alternately snubbed and patronised. Though they had ample means, they gave their money grudgingly.

Then came the death of the poor lady, who had never practically recovered from the blow inflicted upon her by the loss of her husband, whom she passionately loved. Alicia was thus left alone in the world when she was but twelve years old, and as neither of her aunts was disposed to burden herself with the personal responsibility of bringing her up, she was sent to a boarding-school near Eastbourne, Aunt Lavinia—the wife of the General—making it clear to her that though her relatives would pay for her education and clothing, she must be prepared to earn her own living when she left school.

The idea was that as soon as she possibly could do so she would become a sort of pupil-teacher or under-governess, with a view of reducing the expenses, and also training her in the path she was to follow.

"We want to give you a good start in life, Alicia," said Mrs. Bamford; "and after that you must depend upon yourself. You must not suppose that you can come to me whenever you want money simply because I happen to be your aunt. I have my own responsibilities and my own expenses, which are very heavy, so that I trust you will not delude yourself with the impression that you can claim anything from me. You and your mother have been a great burden on myself and my sister ever since your father died, and I think we have more than done our duty."

All this might have been perfectly true, but it was scarcely necessary to put it in such plain language, especially to a child of twelve years old at a moment when she needed sympathy rather than cold, practical advice. To Alicia's fervid imagination it made the world seem harder to her in her friendlessness and desolation than it otherwise would have been.

Had Aunt Lavinia spoken to her in this manner three months before, and when her mother was alive, Alicia would have blazed up in wrath and have considerably astonished her relative. But with the death of her mother there came a singular change over the girl. When the first burst of passionate grief had spent itself, she displayed a power of self-control which rather surprised those who knew her best. So when Mrs. Bamford made her little speech the girl made no response. All the same, the slight quiver of her lips showed how she was wounded.

Everybody said at that time she was a plain child. But at what may be called the leggy period of a girl's existence it is impossible to say whether the points which strike one as plain in



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CONTAINS NO STARCH

It is of the utmost value throughout life, from early infancy to extreme old age.

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A FREE BOOK!



On receipt of a postcard or letter we will send you a book which will remove the cloud from your future, which will show you how you can elevate yourself mentally and physically. It tells of twenty-five years spent in the enthusiastic study of vital nerve-force, finding what it comes from, and, when lost, how to replace it. We all like to be at our best, and from what we have learned we are in a position to help you.

**Does your back ache?
Are your nerves unstrung?
Do you wake up in the morning
tired and gloomy?
In short, are you broken in health?**

STUDY OUR METHOD.

Out of all our experience we have built a method of infusing the system with vitalising electricity, which is the basis of all human vitality. Our book tells what we know of this, and you can have it free if you will call or write today. It will point the way to the dawn of a new life for you. Do not delay. Write today.

THE DR. P. I. McLAUGHLIN CO.,
162, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

(See Special Notice.)

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and 3, Piccadilly, Manchester.

'HIS GIRL'

A SET OF 12 PICTURES IN COLOR

By VICTOR VENNER. Size 12 x 16 inches.
(With bevelled mounts printed in brown.)

This delightfully humorous series of coloured drawings are probably the most perfect examples of refined humour that have been published for many years. Every stroke of the artist's brush tells its tale, and each picture, consisting of two figures, is a reproduction which should find a place in every home.

A Correspondent writes: "They are perfect examples of refined humour, whilst the cleverness of the artist is shown in that there is not a single unnecessary line in the pictures."

A Specimen Picture post free on receipt of 2/- in stamps or P.O., or set of 12 in portfolio, price One Guinea.

SUBJECTS.

The Sportsman's Duck.	The Golfer's Link.	The Sailor's Mate.
The Counselor's Brief.	The Poet's Poem.	The Cricketer's Score.
The Banker's Cheque.	The Angler's Catch.	The Soldier's Glory.
The Huntsman's Meet.	The Jockey's Trainer.	The Curate's Prayer.

Of all Printersellers, etc., or direct from the Publishers,
ALBERT HILDESHEIMER, G. Dep^r Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

a child may not develop into her greatest charm when she grows into womanhood.

Just then her complexion seemed sallow, and the big black eyes, set in somewhat large sockets, and her lean cheeks gave her an ethereal appearance, which was added to by the straight hair. But in years to come, when the cheeks filled out, when the sallow complexion became of a clear, even, olive tint; when the eyes, instead of being so elfishly pronounced in their gleam, were softer and more in keeping with the face, no one could say Alicia was not strikingly beautiful.

That experience at school was a hard and a bitter one.

Mrs. Bamford had a very keen idea of the value of money, and how far it could be made to go if you had your wits about you. Consequently she drove a very close bargain with the proprietress of Lanfear House High School for Girls. Alicia soon discovered that her position was not exactly that of the other girls. Most of these were daughters of either wealthy people or semi-aristocratic country gentry, and in contrast with these superior young ladies Alicia was regarded by the proprietress as somewhat of a dependent.

So the years went on, the girl yearning for liberty, and not knowing how to obtain it. In due time she took up the position of an under-governess, and as might be expected the arrangement worked out rather to the advantage of her employer than to her own, as she did for a mere pittance what should have been well paid for, and would had she been a stranger.

Then came that fatal introduction to the handsome, dashing, masterful man who had captivated her fancy.

There was no reason why she should not have boldly thrown up her situation and married him

man, who had sent the girl to a fashionable school at a time of prosperity, and had to take her away when things went wrong.

Alicia Conway had kept her secret well.

To her there was something strangely fascinating in a secret, especially a secret surrounded by the play of fancy, a secret concerning her alone. Shallow, frivolous dispositions blurt out everything, and not only blurt it out, but seem to require some support on which to lean. They have, in their weak-minded way, decided upon a certain course—a course based entirely upon their emotions—yet they want to be strengthened by the opinions of others. It is not fair criticism or an impartial view of the situation they require, but wholly and solely a strengthening of what they have resolved upon.

Alicia Conway had no weakness of this kind. Those five years at Lanfear House School had given her a power of concentration and reserve which was not natural to her, but had been forced upon her by circumstances. So she trusted no one, nor did she feel the necessity of trusting anyone.

Yet she had gone through a terrible mental struggle—a struggle between her judgment and her yearning for an escape from a life she detested, a position which continually made her think of the proverbial toad under the harrow. She hesitated, and hesitated more than ever at the last moment. Had there been anybody near her to whisper a word of caution when in the still, small hours of the morning she packed up her bag and prepared to take the plunge, she would have crushed the temptation, remained where she was, and ended in a prosaic, orthodox fashion by obtaining a situation at a good salary when she left Lanfear House.

But emotion carried the day. There was all

of London, of which she had not the slightest knowledge; she was a wife of about ten minutes' duration—a wife from whom the husband had been snatched without a moment's warning.

Characters are formed by crises which come upon one unawares. In the curiously uneventful, monotonous existence which the girl had passed through she had had no opportunity of knowing her real nature. She had far more force of character than she was aware of.

In spite of what Aunt Lavinia had said about the uselessness of coming to her for assistance, she could think of no other course. To go back to Lanfear House after her escapade was impossible. She could give no adequate explanation to the proprietress, and she could not face the sneers and innuendoes of the scholars and governesses.

That evening she presented herself to Mrs. Bamford (who had already had a telegram from the school telling her the news), and simply said that she could endure the life at Lanfear House no longer, and had run away. Not a word did she mention of the almost tragic scene at the old City church that morning.

Aunt Lavinia, of course, was enraged, not so much on account of Alicia, but because of the scandal brought into the family, and of the "ingratitude" she had shown.

But, after all, there is something in the adage that blood is thicker than water, and as Mrs. Bamford looked at the handsome picturesque girl a pang of humanity seized her; for in some respects Alicia was a speaking likeness of her mother, and her mother had been the beauty and pet of the family.

"The best thing I can do for you, Alicia, since you have made such a fool of yourself, is to send

a middle-aged woman with a pale, unwholesome face, unkempt carroty hair, and a general untidy aspect.

"Shall I find Mr. Rookson upstairs?" asked Douglas.

"Oh, yes, you'll find him—worse luck!" retorted the woman.

"What's the matter?" asked Douglas.

"Oh, there's nothing the matter, 'cept as I don't like people as don't pay their rent," she replied with a snort.

"Don't you worry about that," said Douglas. "Rookson's a little bit hard up just now, but he'll be all right presently."

The woman muttered something not very complimentary to her lodger, and disappeared down a dark staircase, leaving Douglas to grope his way up to the first floor.

"Who's there?" said a voice from the interior in reply to Douglas's authoritative tapping.

"It's all right—Bert," said the owner of that name in a soft, penetrating voice.

There was the sound of the unlocking of the door, and presently the smug, leaden-coloured face of Rookson appeared in the opening. He was arrayed in a shabby, tattered dressing-gown, shabby trousers and slippers, and looked altogether frowsy, disreputable, evil.

The room reeked with rank tobacco-smoke, mixed with a suggestion of stale beer. A miserable fire smoked in the grate, and added its contribution to the foulness of the atmosphere. The wind was in the wrong direction to suit the chimney, and every now and again came a puff of choking mephitic vapour into the room.

"Any luck, old chap?" Rookson grunted in his husky tones.

"No; just the other way."

He strode to the fireplace moodily, and tried to rake the fire into a blaze. Then he threw the poker down with a clatter, finding his efforts were useless.

Rookson evidently was not on an equality with his friend. They were pals, in a sense, but Douglas took the lead in everything, and snubbed or bantered or bullied Rookson just as the mood took him.

Rookson watched his friend furtively, and hesitated to question him further, not knowing what kind of reception he might meet with. Douglas meanwhile had thrown himself into a chair, and was eyeing the empty beer-jug on the table.

"I suppose your landlady's not game to fetch any beer?"

"Well," said Rookson, with rather a comical look in his pig-like eyes, and fingering his chin doubtfully, "we're not on the best of terms. She's a bit hungry after money, and I haven't been able to satisfy her. I hoped from what you said you would have been able to spring a quid just to make things pleasant."

"We'll talk about that later on," rejoined Douglas, harshly. "In the meantime I am horribly thirsty."

"I'll go and get the stuff," said Rookson, rising with alacrity.

"You just keep your seat," snapped the other. "I'll tell you why. Shagford, the Scotland Yard 'tec, is on the look-out for you, and he's got your description pretty accurately."

Rookson's pasty face assumed almost a yellowish tinge, and his little eyes were terror-stricken. He tugged at the ragged neckband of his shirt as though he were feeling choked.

"You don't mean that?" he gasped. "What about—that Uxbridge job?"

Douglas nodded. "You've hit it first time. One of the railway-men had a good sight of you, and unless you lie low for a time you'll be spotted for a dead cert."

"I shan't be the only one," returned Rookson, in a low voice.

"So you think," sneered Douglas, "but I can look after myself. Anyhow, don't you worry, because I can look after you too. It's my interest to do so. I'm going to prove it in a very practical sense—I'm going to fetch the beer rather than let you expose yourself to the night air and the probability of being copped."

Douglas took the jug and stalked out of the room. Rookson sank into a chair and stared at the fire, which was trying to struggle into a blaze, gnawing his nails and muttering to himself.

"I'd give anything to find out Flash Fred's little game," he muttered. "He put me on to shadow that young swell, and I did shadow him from Winchester to Southampton, then to the docks; from Southampton to London, to his rooms in Jernyn Street, to the lawyer's office, and down to Uxbridge. Here Fred joined me, and then—" A little shudder made the fellow's body quiver. "That kind of job's not in my way," he went on. "I believe I was a fool when I pulled on with Flash Fred. If I'd kept on as a waiter I don't think I should have done badly. Sort of thing that suits me. Well, it's too late now."

Douglas entered with the beer at this moment, and the two divided it between them.

"See here, Rookson. I can let you have that quid you talked about; but mind, you'll have to do something for it, and what you do will mean some more coin."

"That'll suit me down to the ground," rejoined Rookson, in a tone of apparent cheerfulness. "What is it you want me to do—not anything like that last affair, because I tell you straight, I won't. I'd rather give myself up and go back to the Dartmoor hotel."

"You needn't worry. This particular job is quite in your line. You're a dabster with pen and ink, aren't you?"

"There isn't a signature or a handwriting that I can't imitate," said Rookson, with a look of conscious pride.

"Exactly, so I've been told. When you were at the Imperial Hotel, Piccadilly, where I



THE NEW BALLET AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE: SKETCH OF "VINELAND" BY THE "P.I.P." SPECIAL ARTIST.

openly. But the whole thing was enveloped in a glamour of romance. Her prosaic life, a life of constant drudgery embittered by frequent references to her position and to the gratitude she ought to show to her relatives for what they had done for her, was suddenly gladdened by the magic of love—or at least what she believed to be love.

It was difficult to say what her feelings were in regard to the man who induced her to run away with him. Probably it was an emotional infatuation to which she yielded without thought, and maybe without caring for the consequences.

In some strong, passionate natures there seems to be necessity for what is termed in prisons "a burst." The monotony of life becomes unendurable; something gets upon the nerves, and they, so to speak, run wild.

This can be the only explanation why Alicia Conway committed the folly which she afterwards so bitterly regretted.

One morning when the housemaid went round to knock at the doors there was no response as hitherto from Alicia. The room was found to be empty. Alicia Conway had run away!

There was the usual nine days' wonder. Alicia had taken no one into her confidence. Not a soul knew of the stolen interviews, of the contents of the letters in a cleverly disguised hand made to look like that of a lady, which she received; of her acquaintance with the man who had been introduced at the prize-giving function by one of the pupils—a pupil who suddenly left without any explanation being forthcoming. As a matter of fact, this pupil was the daughter of a somewhat shady City

man, the romance, the fascination of the unknown; and so she crept, her heart beating wildly, her eyes dilated, down the staircase, shrinking at the slightest sound, finally reaching the great hall door, the bolts of which she had previously oiled to assist her escape.

Of course, she fooled herself. She believed what she wanted to believe. The handsome man, with the voice which he could make soft and insinuating, or harsh and commanding as he pleased, who talked vaguely of his wealth, of his family and so on, was her Prince Charming. But the main thing was his passion for her. Women find it difficult to resist that overpowering adoration which a clever and unscrupulous man can assume. The whole thing is a matter of the emotions, and must not be judged by the canons of common-sense.

Even at the last moment, when she glided like a shadow along the road which led into Eastbourne, doubts crossed her mind. If she had not been of that age when the passion of first love comes upon one with such an overpowering sense of novelty, she would have turned back. There was something which told her that the motive which prompted her to take this step was not love for the man who had persuaded her to become his wife.

The rest of the story Bert Douglas, as he called himself, has told us. They travelled together to London, and Douglas, who had arranged the matter astutely, so far as the marriage was concerned—an arrangement which necessitated the telling of a good many lies—was arrested as they came out of an obscure church in the City.

As a matter of fact, he was a thorough black-leg, with the appearance and the manners of a gentleman, and the detectives had been on the look-out for him for weeks. Directly he showed his face in London his doom was sealed.

The position of Alicia at that moment was terrible. She had but a few shillings in her pocket; she was stranded in the vast labyrinth

of London, of which she had not the slightest knowledge; she was a wife of about ten minutes' duration—a wife from whom the husband had been snatched without a moment's warning.

Marry a rich man! And she a wife!

But never a word did she say.

And so the thing was smoothed over, and Alicia was sent to India, and met her fate in David Moutrie.

But in the meantime she had seen the name of her husband among the list of those drowned in the catastrophe of a Thames pleasure-steamer.

CHAPTER X.

THE WEAVING OF THE WEB.

IT would be hard to find a more curious corner of London, in its way, than that grimy and sordid collection of streets bounded by the Euston Road on the north and the Gray's Inn Road on the east. The "lay" of the various thoroughfares is peculiar. A stranger would very soon lose himself, and if attempting to take a short cut would find himself back at the spot he started from.

Douglas got out of an omnibus at Manor Street, a thoroughfare bordered on each side by dingy, smoke-begrimed houses with shabby, faded blinds, and doors the paint of which had long since been cracked and blistered by the sun.

After several turnings and twistings he reached a sinister-looking street, one end of which was blocked up by a huge hoarding.

Apparently it was a place favoured by cabmen, and utilised by them when "resting," for quite a score of cabs minus their horses were stationed on one side.

Douglas knocked at the door of one of the shabbiest of the residences, and was admitted by

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unearthed you doing the straight game as a waiter, there was an old chap staying there with his wife. He had come from India, was in England for a visit, and his name was Moutrie."

"Of course, I remember him well enough. The wife went away soon after they came. Wasn't he murdered on the South-Western Railway near Winchester, and wasn't that young fellow as you put me on to shadow mixed up in it? And wasn't that same young fellow the man that we—but I needn't say any more."

Douglas gave a hard, metallic laugh. "You've got a memory like a book, Rookson," said he, "though I fancy you're not likely to forget a single detail, especially as Shagford is on your track. Well, what I want you to do is to imitate

body, execute this document as my last will and testament. I leave everything of which I die possessed unconditionally to Alicia, known as Alicia Moutrie, and called my wife. I have my reasons for alluding to her in this manner—reasons which she will understand and appreciate. Signed in the presence of James Rookson and—"

"Here, stop it!" exclaimed Rookson, looking up when Douglas had reached thus far. "That's all kid, you know."

"Exactly, all kid. But for all that it's going to pass as gospel truth," said Douglas coolly. "You'll have to fancy you witnessed David Moutrie's signature, and if you fancy hard enough you'll come to believe that you did. We

of sneaking it; there was no direct evidence against her—she was far too clever—who might do."

"Is she to be trusted?" asked Douglas.

"As much as a woman can be. They're all more or less artful, you know. Still, if the fancy takes her, a woman can keep a secret better than a man."

"Is she to be got at easily?"

"Oh, I can get at her whenever I like," said Rookson, with a knowing, greasy smile.

"Very well. Listen, this is the idea. David Moutrie made this will one afternoon when his wife was out—"

"When his wife was out!" interrupted Rookson. "Why, she didn't stay more than a

for you, and asked you to witness his signature, and to get someone else also to do the same thing; and when he had signed you two were to put your names to the paper, each in the presence of the other."

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Rookson, almost irritably. "Do you suppose I don't know all about making a will and signing it too?"

"Of course you do. I only want to rehearse this business because it's important. Where's Jenny Bassett to be seen?" went on Douglas abruptly.

"Oh, I'll look her up," said Rookson.

"You won't stir out of this house till I tell you it's safe to do so," rejoined Douglas, in that grating voice which he could so well put on, and which was so sinister in its suggestiveness.

"Of course not, of course not," said Rookson hastily. "But there's no harm in writing to her."

"Does she know where you are living?"

"No. The last time I saw her I was very hard up; in fact, I hadn't got enough for a fourpenny doss. It was just before I ran across you. I got her her present situation, though," he added, with a self-satisfied chuckle.

"Wrote her a false reference, I suppose?"

"Yes. Usual thing—lady going abroad—sorry to part with a trustworthy maid—addressed it from a newspaper shop on the other side of London at the cost of one penny. The thing came off all right. I can do a woman's handwriting to perfection."

"And where is she now?"

"Eaton Square—housemaid. You can't mistake her—little woman, with black snaky eyes, fresh colour, soft voice, and looks as if butter wouldn't melt in her mouth."

"I'll spot her. Now then, you set to work and practise that handwriting. There's the sovereign I promised you, and expect me tomorrow evening with the proper foolscap paper for that precious document."

He flung down the coin, and, grasping Rookson by the shoulders, said meaningly—

"Don't forget what I told you about Shagford. At present you're safe, but until the scent is cold don't show your nose in the streets."

He sank his voice almost to a hiss as he uttered these words; the next moment he turned on his heel, and, with a strange, cat-like tread that he could assume when he liked, quitted the room.

(To be continued.)

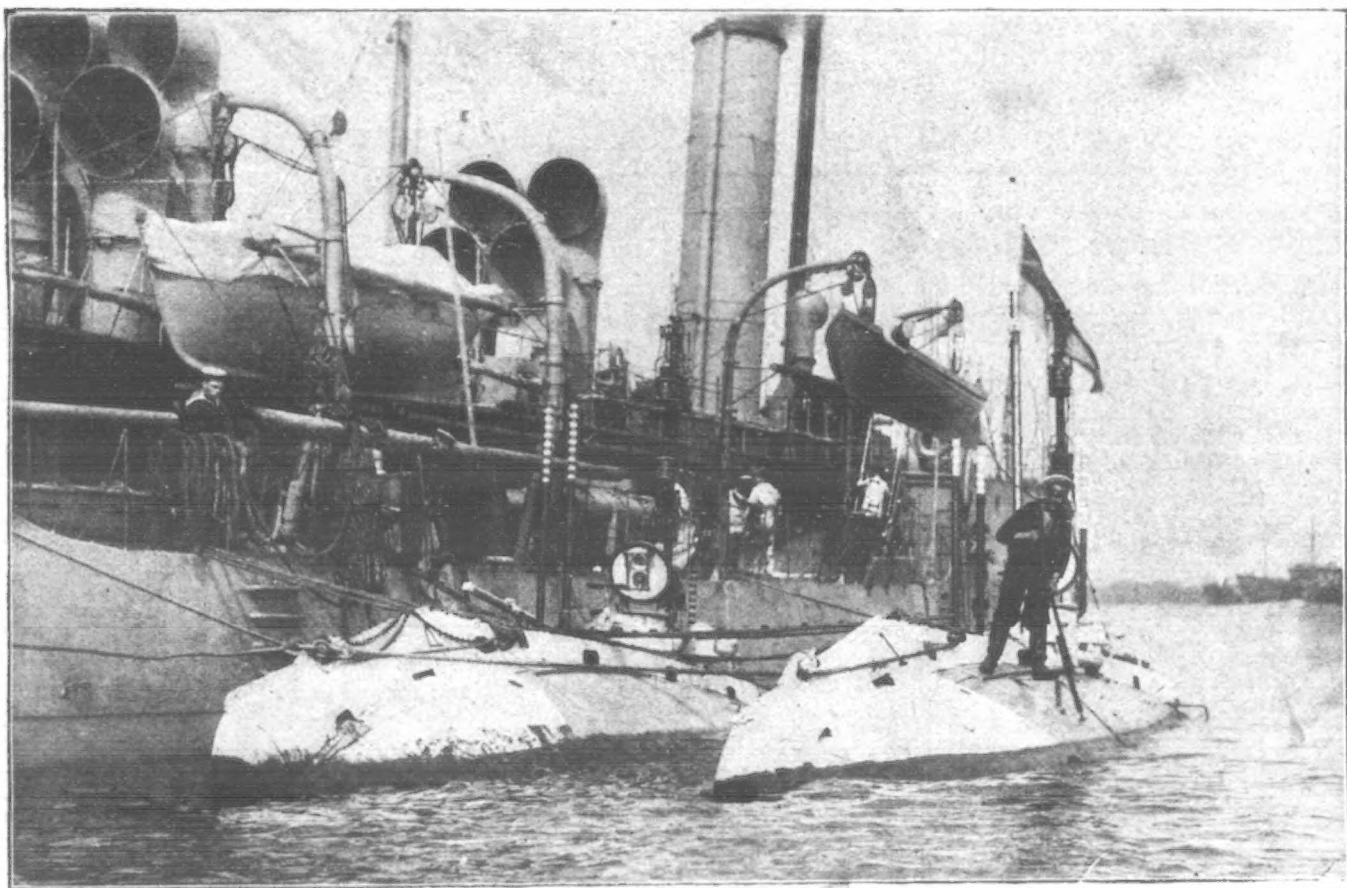


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OUR SUBMARINES: THE NEW "PERISCOPE" FITTED TO THE SUBMARINES TO ENABLE THE MEN IN THE ENGINE-ROOM TO SEE WHICH WAY TO STEER.

old Moutrie's handwriting. You can do it as easy as winking."

"Can I? I never saw his fist."

"Oh, I can make that all right."

Douglas took out a pocket-book, and from one of the divisions extracted a couple of letters and unfolded them.

"There," said he, "that's old Moutrie's crabbed handwriting. Not a difficult one to imitate, I fancy?"

Rookson took the letter, held it close to the paraffin lamp, and studied the characters intently.

"No, it's not difficult."

"Right, then; take down what I tell you."

Rookson drew a chair to the table, and with pen in hand waited for the other to speak. Meanwhile, Douglas was walking up and down the room, his hands behind him, meditating. At last he commenced to dictate as follows—

"I, David Moutrie, being of sound mind and

shall want another witness to make the thing perfectly regular and legal. Do you know anyone who has as powerful an imagination as yourself?"

"Dash it all!" grumbled Rookson. "What's it going to be worth to me? I want to know something definite before I go any further."

"It'll be worth £100 to you, perhaps more," rejoined Douglas impatiently. "But it'll be no good unless you find the other witness."

"And where's he to come from?"

"That's for you to say. But it needn't be 'he'—she'll do just as well," said Douglas, with a sardonic smile. "Just think. If there's anybody you can light on who was with you at the Imperial, so much the better."

Rookson threw the pen down and buried his fat chin in his hands.

"There's a little girl, Jenny Bassett, one of the chambermaids, who got the sack for sneaking a lady's purse—at least, she was suspected

fortnight with the old chap at the Imperial. They had a row, and she took herself off. That jade, Jenny Bassett, who was all eyes and ears—one of those cat-like little women always listening at keyholes and that sort of thing—told me. How the wench found it out I don't know, but she did. If your notion is that Moutrie made this will unknown to his wife, I shouldn't fix any particular afternoon, because the man had quite three months by himself, and could do it any day he liked."

Douglas heard all this greedily. Everything that concerned his wife was of intense interest to him. The more he knew about her the better. Jenny Bassett might be of great use to him. He was inclined to negotiate direct with her, rather than leave it to Rookson.

"Very well," said he after a pause; "then we won't make it any fixed date. Of course, the will must be dated, but the signature might come at any time afterwards. Anyhow, he rang

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THE RACING WORLD.

NEVER, perhaps, has the racing world had so awkward a handicap to deal with as this Cesarewitch due for decision next Wednesday. No one seems to know anything at all for certain about any of the horses. The market, save in two or three instances, appears to be a sham one, and as for its earlier stages, I should think that the greater part of the business represented to have been transacted was simply imaginary, and got up—cleverly, I grant—for the purpose of deluding the public into following what they fondly supposed were inspired leads. Really that must be so, unless a good deal of the running at Newmarket First October Meeting can be wiped out.

If you take a run through the list of the apparently hopeless cases shown to be so on public trials, you feel quite at a loss to account for the way they were made to figure in the list of prices. Take Lovat, for instance. He ran like a common plater last week. I note that he has been given strong work since, and possibly he hit upon a bad day; but we have to go on what we see, and the Lovat who was well up among the favourites for the two-and-a-quarter mile handicap must show marvellous improvement, and that in wonderfully quick time, to be anywhere in that race.

Again, look at De Witt's sad case. There is no doubt whatever about John Porter's having been very fond of this colt's chance, and as the fact was made matter of common property, he naturally found many friends. Early last week as little as 9 to 1 was wanted; a day or two later, but before he started for the Newmarket St. Leger, he weakened perceptibly. In the race itself he certainly beat all taken into calculation as likely to trouble him,

but was decisively defeated by Uncle Reggie. On the face of it, this puts him clean out of court for the St. Leger. Let us hope his prospects are not so bad. He is, I believe, a nearly certain runner, and will finish his preparation at the Derby House stables under the care of Mr. George Lambton. Kingsclere is at present troubled a great deal by horse-sickness; so perhaps by changing quarters he may escape being attacked. I fear that if thus lucky, he will not turn out as was expected; at the same time, I am loth to believe that his veteran trainer could be so far out in his calculations.

As I write, Zinfandel is backed at as little as 4 to 1, and threatens to come to shorter odds still. He is the pick of the handicap in my opinion, barring Sceptre, and as he did a fine gallop of two miles and a half last Saturday may be got fit in time. I must, I suppose, stick to him, but if he were mine I would much rather take a nice price about him for the Cambridgeshire and stand that bet, than accept 4 to 1 about him for the Cesarewitch and see the deal out.

I always said that whatever could beat Sceptre would win; now we know that this estimate was correct; for fit and well and without a penalty, she must have made a rare show of any opposition our English horses might offer. One cannot speak with equal confidence and justify it by figures when taking the foreigners into account; and we know that they are very seriously arranging an invasion with a view to capturing both the long race and the short one. Quo Vadis, winner of the Grand Prix, has been backed to win a large stake, and there is a lot more money about for him. The French stables have other good strings to their bow, and I am afraid we shall have hardish work to keep the money in our country.

They scored a pretty big notch over us last Sunday when La Camargo, in the Grand Prix du Conseil Municipal,

gave Wavelet's Pride 17lb. and cantered home with ridiculous ease. In spite of this defeat a move was made for the Pride on Monday. My opinion is that the stable companion, Kano, has a much greater chance than the other—in fact, I do not think anyone ought to leave it out of a book.

As we were saying just now, Sceptre could scarcely lose the Cesarewitch—at least, that must be the opinion of everyone who witnessed her splendid defeat of Rock Sand in the Jockey Club Stakes. Fortunately for the others, she has a big penalty to put up both in Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire. Fortunately for her owner, she has no penalty whatever for the Duke of York's Stakes; and I may as well here go right out for

Sceptre

in the Kempton Park Handicap. Nothing but accident can prevent her winning. I had a bit of a liking for Ballantrae, who did us so good a turn last year in the Cambridgeshire. There are more unlikely things than Mr. Whitney's mare repeating her 1902 victory, but I certainly should not advise P.F.P. readers to take the price now offered, because the Cambridgeshire is a long way off, much may happen, and there are a rare lot of horses likely to be backed.

Of Sceptre's great victory I could write and write at any length, for she has always been such a great favourite of ours, and I have been generally interested in her doings. Her latest performance, so decisively establishing superiority over her successor in the honour of winning the Two Thousand Guineas and St. Leger, was very remarkable indeed. All was cut-and-dried beforehand, as if the piece had been rehearsed, so to speak. The point where she was to make her effort, half-way down the Bushes Hill, was suggested by her late owner, Mr. Stewer, and determined by her new manager. At that stage Hardy made his effort,

and in a few strides with one of her electric rushes she shot out from Rock Sand and Cappa White. As she did so the sparse company watching the race broke into as big a cheer as they could make, and did not cease till after "All right!" had been called. I never saw anything like the excitement at Newmarket, and scarcely recollect its parallel on any other course.

She certainly made Rock Sand look small, but then she is a mare of exceptional ability, and if she had not run before the Cesarewitch would have done the same for Zinfandel and Co. This time I do not feel inclined to go at length into the probable constitution of the Cesarewitch field. In the first place the market is not half set, and with the Duke of York Stakes intervening cannot be so till the forces gather on Monday. I will go for

Zinfandel and Kano,

with Lord Rossmore and Quo Vadis as the next likely. But really this is not a year in which to begin shooting at the mark till right on the day, when the money will speak more plainly.

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